THE HISTORY OF EMILY MONTAGUE.

VOL. II.

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VOL. II.

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THE HISTORY OF EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER LV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Jan. 16.

SO, my dear, we went on too faſt, it ſeems: Sir George was ſo obliging as to ſettle all without waiting for Emily's conſent; not having ſuppoſed her refuſal

to be in the chapter of poſſibilities: after having communicated their plan of operations to me, as an affair ſettled, papa was diſpatched, as Sir George's ambaſſador, to inform Emily of his gracious intentions in her favour.

She received him with proper dignity, and like a girl of true ſpirit told him, that as the delay was originally from Sir George, ſhe ſhould inſiſt on obſerving the conditions very exactly, and was determined to wait till ſpring, whatever might be the contents of Mrs. Clayton's expected letter; reſerving to herſelf alſo the privilege of refuſing him even then, if upon mature deliberation ſhe ſhould think proper ſo to do.

She has further inſiſted, that till that time he ſhall leave Silleri; take up his abode at Quebec, unleſs, which ſhe thinks moſt adviſeable, he ſhould return to Montreal for the winter; and never attempt ſeeing her without witneſſes, as their preſent

ſent ſituation is particularly delicate, and that whilſt it continues they can have nothing to ſay to each other which their common friends may not with propriety hear: all ſhe can be prevailed on to conſent to in his favour, is to allow him *en attendant* to viſit here like any other gentleman.

I wiſh ſhe would ſend him back to Montreal, for I ſee plainly he will ſpoil all our little parties.

Emily is a fine girl, Lucy, and I am friends with her again; ſo, my dear, I ſhall revive my coterie, and be happy two or three months longer. I have ſent to aſk my two ſweet fellows at Quebec to dine here: I really long to ſee them; I ſhall let them into the preſent ſtate of affairs here, for they both deſpiſe Sir George as much as I do; the creature looks amazingly fooliſh, and I enjoy his humiliation not a little: ſuch an animal to ſet up for being beloved indeed! O to be ſure!

Emily has ſent for me to her apartment. Adieu for a moment.

Eleven o'clock.

She has ſhewn me Mrs. Melmoth's letter on the ſubject of concluding the marriage immediately: it is in the true ſpirit of family impertinence. She writes with the kind, diſcreet inſolence of a relation; and Emily has anſwered her with the genuine ſpirit of an independent Engliſh-woman, who is ſo happy as to be her own miſtreſs, and who is therefore determined to think for herſelf.

She has refuſed going to Montreal at all this winter; and has hinted, though not impolitely, that ſhe wants no guardian of her conduct but herſelf; adding a compliment to my ladyſhip's diſcretion ſo very civil, it is impoſſible for me to repeat it with decency.

O Heavens! your brother and Fitzgerald! I fly. The dear creatures! my life has been abſolute vegetation ſince they abſented themſelves.

Adieu! my dear,

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

LETTER LVI.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Jan. 24.

WE have the ſame parties and amuſements we uſed to have, my dear, but there is by no means the ſame ſpirit in them; conſtraint and dulneſs ſeem to have taken the place of that ſweet vivacity and confidence which made our little ſociety ſo

pleaſing: this odious man has infected us all; he ſeems rather a ſpy on our pleaſures than a partaker of them; he is more an antidote to joy than a tall maiden aunt.

I wiſh he would go: I ſay ſpontaneouſly every time I ſee him, without conſidering I am impolite, "La! Sir George, when do "you go to Montreal?" He reddens, and gives me a peeviſh anſwer; and I then, and not before, recollect how very impertinent the queſtion is.

But pray, my dear, becauſe he has no taſte for ſocial, companionable life, has he therefore a right to damp the ſpirit of it in thoſe that have? I intend to conſult ſome learned caſuiſt on this head.

He takes amazing pains to pleaſe in his way, is curled, powdered, perfumed, and exhibits every day in a new ſuit of embroidery; but with all this, has the mortification

cation to ſee your brother pleaſe more in a plain coat. I am lazy. Adieu!

Yours, ever and ever,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER LVII.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall Mall.

Jan. 25.

SO you intend, my dear Jack, to marry when you are quite tired of a life of gallantry: the lady will be much obliged to you for a heart, the refuſe of half the proſtitutes in town; a heart, the beſt feelings of which will be entirely obliterated; a heart hardened by a long commerce with the moſt unworthy of the ſex; and which will bring diſguſt, ſuſpicion, coldneſs, and depravity of taſte, to the boſom of ſenſibility and innocence.

For my own part, though fond of women to the greateſt degree, I have had, conſidering my profeſſion and complexion, very few intrigues. I have always had an idea I ſhould ſome time or other marry, and have been unwilling to bring to a ſtate, in which I hoped for happineſs from mutual affection, a heart worn out by a courſe of gallantries: to a contrary conduct is owing moſt of our unhappy marriages; the woman brings with her all her ſtock of tenderneſs, truth, and affection; the man's is exhauſted before they meet: ſhe finds the generous, delicate tenderneſs of her ſoul, not only unreturned, but unobſerved; ſhe fancies ſome other woman the object of his affection; ſhe is unhappy; ſhe pines in ſecret; he obſerves her diſcontent, accuſes her of caprice; and her portion is wretchedneſs for life.

If I did not ardently wiſh your happineſs, I ſhould not thus repeatedly combat a prejudice, which, as you have ſenſibility,

will

will infallibly make the greater part of your life a ſcene of inſipidity and regret.

You are right, Jack, as to the ſavages; the only way to civilize them is to *feminize* their women; but the taſk is rather difficult: at preſent their manners differ in nothing from thoſe of the men; they even add to the ferocity of the latter.

You deſire to know the ſtate of my heart: excuſe me, Jack; you know nothing of love; and we who do, never diſcloſe its myſteries to the prophane: beſides, I always chooſe a female for the confidante of my ſentiments; I hate even to ſpeak of love to one of my own ſex.

Adieu! I am going a party with half a dozen ladies, and have not another minute to ſpare.

Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER LVIII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Jan. 28.

I EVERY hour, my dear, grow more in love with French manners; there is ſomething charming in being young and ſprightly all one's life: it would appear abſurd in England to hear, what I have juſt heard, a fat virtuous lady of ſeventy toaſt *Love and Opportunity* to a young fellow: but 'tis nothing here: they dance too to the laſt gaſp; I have ſeen the daughter, mother, and grand-daughter, in the ſame French country dance.

They are perfectly right; and I honor them for their good ſenſe and ſpirit, in determining to make life agreeable as long as they can.

A propos to age: I am reſolved to go home, Lucy; I have found three grey hairs

hairs this morning; they tell me 'tis common; this vile climate is at war with beauty, makes one's hair grey, and one's hands red. I won't ſtay, abſolutely.

Do you know there is a very pretty fellow here, Lucy, Captain Howard, who has taken a fancy to make people believe he and I are on good terms? He affects to ſit by me, to dance with me, to whiſper nothing to me, to bow with an air of myſtery, and to ſhew me all the little attententions of a lover in public, though he never yet ſaid a civil thing to me when we were alone.

I was ſtanding with him this morning near the brow of the hill, leaning againſt a tree in the ſunſhine, and looking down the precipice below, when I ſaid ſomething of the lover's leap, and in play, as you will ſuppoſe, made a ſtep forwards: we had been talking of indifferent things; his air was till then indolence itſelf; but on this

little motion of mine, though there was not the leaſt danger, he with the utmoſt ſeeming eagerneſs catched hold of me, as if alarmed at the very idea, and with the moſt paſſionate air proteſted his life depended on mine, and that he would not live an hour after me. I looked at him with aſtoniſhment, not being able to comprehend the meaning of this ſudden flight, when turning my head, I ſaw a gentleman and lady cloſe behind us, whom he had obſerved, though I had not. They were retiring. "Pray approach, my dear Ma-"dam," ſaid I, "we have no ſecrets; "this declaration was intended for you "to hear; we were talking of the weather "before you came."

He affected to ſmile, though I ſaw he was mortified; but as his ſmile ſhewed the fineſt teeth imaginable, I forgave him: he is really very handſome, and 'tis pity he has this fooliſh quality of preferring the ſhadow to the ſubſtance.

I ſhall,

I ſhall, however, deſire him to flirt elſewhere, as this *badinage*, however innocent, may hurt my character, and give pain to my little Fitzgerald: I believe I begin to love this fellow, becauſe I begin to be delicate on the ſubject of flirtations, and feel my ſpirit of coquetry decline every day.

29th.

Mrs. Clayton has wrote, my dear; and has at laſt condeſcended to allow Emily the honor of being her daughter-in-law, in conſideration of her ſon's happineſs, and of engagements entered into with her own conſent; though ſhe very prudently obſerves, that what was a proper match for Captain Clayton, is by no means ſo for Sir George; and talks ſomething of an offer of a citizen's daughter, with fifty thouſand pounds, and the promiſe of an Iriſh title. She has, however, obſerved that indiſcreet engagements are better broke than kept.

Sir

Sir George has ſhewn the letter, a very indelicate one in my opinion, to my father and me; and has talked a great deal of nonſenſe on the ſubject. He wants to ſhew it to Emily, and I adviſe him to it, becauſe I know the effect it will have. I ſee plainly he wiſhes to make a great merit of keeping his engagement, if he does keep it: he hinted a little fear of breaking her heart; and I am convinced if he thought ſhe could ſurvive his infidelity, all his tenderneſs and conſtancy would cede to filial duty and a coronet.

Eleven o'clock.

After much deliberation, Sir George has determined to write to Emily, incloſe his mother's letter, and call in the afternoon to enjoy the triumph of his generoſity in keeping his engagement, when it is in his power to do ſo much better: 'tis a pretty plan, and I encourage him in it; my father, who wiſhes the match, ſhrugs his ſhoulders, and frowns at me; but the little

little man is fixed as fate in his reſolve, and is writing at this moment in my father's apartment. I long to ſee his letter; I dare ſay it will be a curioſity: 'tis ſhort, however, for he is coming out of the room already.

Adieu! my father calls for this letter; it is to go in one of his to New York, and the perſon who takes it waits for it at the door.

Ever yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER LIX.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Dear Madam,

I Send you the incloſed from my mother: I thought it neceſſary you ſhould ſee it, though not even a mother's wiſhes ſhall ever influence me to break thoſe engagements which I have had the happineſs of entering into with the moſt charming of women, and which a man of honor ought to hold ſacred.

I do not think happineſs entirely dependant on rank or fortune, and have only to wiſh my mother's ſentiments on this ſubject more agreeable to my own, as there is nothing I ſo much wiſh as to oblige her: at all events, however, depend on my fulfilling thoſe promiſes, which ought to be the

the more binding, as they were made at a time when our ſituations were more equal.

I am happy in an opportunity of convincing you and the world, that intereſt and ambition have no power over my heart, when put in competition with what I owe to my engagements; being with the greateſt truth,

My deareſt Madam,

Yours, &c.

G. CLAYTON.

You will do me the honor to name the day to make me happy.

LET-

LETTER LX.

To Sir GEORGE CLAYTON, at Quebec.

Dear Sir,

I Have read Mrs. Clayton's letter with attention; and am of her opinion, that indiſcreet engagements are better broke than kept.

I have the leſs reaſon to take ill your breaking the kind of engagement between us at the deſire of your family, as I entered into it at firſt entirely in compliance with mine. I have ever had the ſincereſt eſteem and friendſhip for you, but never that romantic love which hurries us to forget all but itſelf: I have therefore no reaſon to expect in you the imprudent diſintereſtedneſs that paſſion occaſions.

A fuller

A fuller explanation is neceſſary on this ſubject than it is poſſible to enter into in a letter: if you will favor us with your company this afternoon at Silleri, we may explain our ſentiments more clearly to each other: be aſſured, I never will prevent your complying, in every inſtance, with the wiſhes of ſo kind and prudent a mother.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend

and obedient ſervant,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER LXI.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

I Have been with Emily, who has been reading Mrs. Clayton's letter; I ſaw joy ſparkle in her eyes as ſhe went on; her little heart ſeemed to flutter with tranſport; I ſee two things very clearly, one of

of which is, that ſhe never loved this little inſipid Baronet; the other I leave your ſagacity to find out. All the ſpirit of her countenance is returned: ſhe walks in air; her cheeks have the bluſh of pleaſure; I never ſaw ſo aſtoniſhing a change. I never felt more joy from the acquiſition of a new lover, than ſhe ſeems to find in the proſpect of loſing an old one.

She has written to Sir George, and in a ſtyle that I know will hurt him; for though I believe he wiſhes her to give him up, yet his vanity would deſire it ſhould coſt her very dear, and appear the effort of diſintereſted love, and romantic generoſity; not what it really is, the effect of the moſt tranquil and perfect indifference.

By the way, a diſintereſted miſtreſs is, according to my ideas, a miſtreſs who *fancies* ſhe loves: we may talk what we pleaſe, at a diſtance, of ſacrificing the dear man to his intereſt, and promoting his

his happineſs by deſtroying our own; but when it comes to the point, I am rather inclined to believe all women are of my way of thinking; and let me die if I would give up a man I loved to the firſt ducheſs in Chriſtendom: 'tis all mighty well in theory; but for the practical part, let who will believe it for Bell.

Indeed when a woman finds her lover inclined to change, 'tis good to make a virtue of neceſſity, and give the thing a ſentimental turn, which gratifies his vanity, and does not wound one's own.

Adieu! I ſee Sir George and his fine carriole; I muſt run, and tell Emily.

Ever yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER LXII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Jan. 28.

YES, my Lucy, your brother tenderly regrets the abſence of a ſiſter endeared to him much more by her amiable qualities than by blood; who would be the object of his eſteem and admiration, if ſhe was not that of his fraternal tenderneſs; who has all the blooming graces, ſimplicity, and innocence of nineteen, with the accompliſhments and underſtanding of five-and-twenty; who joins the ſtrength of mind ſo often confined to our ſex, to the ſoftneſs, delicacy, and vivacity of her own; who, in ſhort, is all that is eſtimable and lovely; and who, except one, is the moſt charming of her ſex: you will forgive the exception, Lucy: perhaps

perhaps no man but a brother would make it.

My ſweet Emily appears every day more amiable; ſhe is now in the full tyranny of her charms, at the age when the mind is improved, and the perſon in its perfection. I every day ſee in her more indifference to her lover; a circumſtance which gives me a pleaſure which perhaps it ought not: there is a ſelfiſhneſs in it, for which I am afraid I ought to bluſh.

You judge perfectly well, my dear, in checking the natural vivacity of your temper, however pleaſing it is to all who converſe with you: coquetry is dangerous to Engliſh women, becauſe they have ſenſibility; it is more ſuited to the French, who are naturally ſomething of the ſalamander kind.

I have this moment a note from Bell Fermor, that ſhe muſt ſee me this inſtant.

I hope my Emily is well: Heaven preſerve the moſt perfect of all its works!

Adieu! my dear girl.

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER LXIII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Feb. 1.

WE have paſſed three or four droll days, my dear. Emily perſiſts in reſolving to break with Sir George; he thinks it decent to combat her reſolution, leſt he ſhould loſe the praiſe of generoſity: he is alſo piqued to ſee her give him up with ſuch perfect compoſure, though I am convinced he will not be ſorry upon the whole to be given up; he has, from the

firſt receipt of the letter, plainly wiſhed her to reſign him, but hoped for a few faintings and tears, as a ſacrifice to his vanity on the occaſion.

My father is ſetting every engine at work to make things up again, ſuppoſing Emily to have determined from pique, not from the real feelings of her heart: he is frighted to death leſt I ſhould counterwork him, and ſo jealous of my adviſing her to continue a conduct he ſo much diſapproves, that he won't leave us a moment together; he even obſerves carefully that each goes into her reſpective apartment when we retire to bed.

This jealouſy has ſtarted an idea which I think will amuſe us, and which I ſhall take the firſt opportunity of communicating to Emily; 'tis to write each other at night our ſentiments on whatever paſſes in the day: if ſhe approves the plan, I will ſend you the letters, which will ſave me a

great deal of trouble in telling you all our *petites hiſtoires.*

This ſcheme will have another advantage; we ſhall be a thouſand times more ſincere and open to each other by letter than face to face; I have long ſeen by her eyes that the little fool has twenty things to ſay to me, but has not courage; now letters you know, my dear,

"Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart."

Beſides, it will be ſo romantic and pretty, almoſt as agreeable as a love affair: I long to begin the correſpondence.

Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER LXIV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Feb. 5.

I HAVE but a moment, my Lucy, to tell you, my divine Emily has broke with her lover, who this morning took an eternal leave of her, and ſet out for Montreal in his way to New York, whence he propoſes to embark for England.

My ſenſations on this occaſion are not to be deſcribed: I admire that amiable delicacy which has influenced her to give up every advantage of rank and fortune which could tempt the heart of woman, rather than unite herſelf to a man for whom ſhe felt the leaſt degree of indifference; and this, without regarding the cenſures of her family, or of the world,

by whom, what they will call her imprudence, will never be forgiven: a woman who is capable of acting ſo nobly, is worthy of being beloved, of being adored, by every man who has a ſoul to diſtinguiſh her perfections.

If I was a vain man, I might perhaps fancy her regard for me had ſome ſhare in determining her conduct, but I am convinced of the contrary; 'tis the native delicacy of her ſoul alone, incapable of forming an union in which the heart has no ſhare, which, independent of any other conſideration, has been the cauſe of a reſolution ſo worthy of herſelf.

That ſhe has the tendereſt affection for me, I cannot doubt one moment; her attention is too flattering to be unobſerved; but 'tis that kind of affection in which the mind alone is concerned. I never gave her the moſt diſtant hint that I loved her: in her ſituation, it would have been even an outrage to have done ſo. She knows

knows the narrowneſs of my circumſtances, and how near impoſſible it is for me to marry; ſhe therefore could not have an idea—no, my dear girl, 'tis not to love, but to true delicacy, that ſhe has ſacrificed avarice and ambition; and ſhe is a thouſand times the more eſtimable from this circumſtance.

I am interrupted. You ſhall hear from me in a few days.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER LXV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Feb. 10.

I HAVE mentioned my plan to Emily, who is charmed with it; 'tis a pretty evening amuſement for two ſolitary girls in the country.

Behold the firſt fruits of our correſpondence:

" To Miſs FERMOR.

" It is not to you, my dear girl, I need " vindicate my conduct in regard to Sir " George; you have from the firſt ap- " proved it; you have even adviſed it. " If I have been to blame, 'tis in having " too long delayed an explanation on a " point

" point of ſuch importance to us both.
" I have been long on the borders of a pre-
" cipice, without courage to retire from
" ſo dangerous a ſituation: overborne by
" my family, I have been near marrying a
" man for whom I have not the leaſt
" tenderneſs, and whoſe converſation is
" even now tedious to me.

" My dear friend, we were not formed
" for each other: our minds have not the
" leaſt reſemblance. Have you not ob-
" ſerved, that, when I have timidly ha-
" zarded my ideas on the delicacy neceſ-
" ſary to keep love alive in marriage, and
" the difficulty of preſerving the heart of
" the object beloved in ſo intimate an
" union, he has indolently aſſented, with
" a coldneſs not to be deſcribed, to ſenti-
" ments which it is plain from his manner
" he did not underſtand; whilſt another,
" not intereſted in the converſation, has,
" by his countenance, by the fire of his
" eyes, by looks more eloquent than all

" language, ſhewed his ſoul was of intel-
" ligence with mine.

" A ſtrong ſenſe of the force of engage-
" ments entered into with my conſent,
" though not the effect of my free, unbi-
" aſſed choice, and the fear of making
" Sir George, by whom I ſuppoſed myſelf
" beloved, unhappy, have thus long pre-
" vented my reſolving to break with him
" for ever; and though I could not bring
" myſelf to marry him, I found myſelf at
" the ſame time incapable of aſſuming
" ſufficient reſolution to tell him ſo, 'till
" his mother's letter gave me ſo happy an
" occaſion.

" There is no ſaying what tranſport I
" feel in being freed from the inſupportable
" yoke of this engagement, which has
" long ſat heavy on my heart, and ſuſ-
" pended the natural chearfulneſs of my
" temper.

" Yes,

" Yes, my dear, your Emily has been " wretched, without daring to confeſs it " even to you: I was aſhamed of owning " I had entered into ſuch engagements " with a man whom I had never loved, " though I had for a ſhort time miſtaken " eſteem for a greater degree of affection " than my heart ever really knew. How " fatal, my dear Bell, is this miſtake to " half our ſex, and how happy am I to " have diſcovered mine in time!

" I have ſcarce yet aſked myſelf what I " intend; but I think it will be moſt pru- " dent to return to England in the firſt " ſhip, and retire to a relation of my mo- " ther's in the country, where I can live " with decency on my little fortune.

" Whatever is my fate, no ſituation can " be equally unhappy with that of being " wife to a man for whom I have not " even the ſlighteſt friendſhip or eſteem, " for whoſe converſation I have not the " leaſt taſte, and who, if I know him,

" would for ever think me under an obli-
" gation to him for marrying me.

" I have the pleaſure to ſee I give no
" pain to his heart, by a ſtep which has
" relieved mine from miſery: his feelings
" are thoſe of wounded vanity, not of
" love.

" Adieu! Your

" EMILY MONTAGUE."

I have no patience with relations, Lucy; this ſweet girl has been two years wretched under the bondage her uncle's avarice (for he foreſaw Sir George's acquiſition, though ſhe did not) prepared for her. Parents ſhould chooſe our company, but never even pretend to direct our choice; if they take care we converſe with men of honour only, 'tis impoſſible we can chooſe amiſs: a conformity of taſte and ſentiment alone can make marriage

happy, and of that none but the parties concerned can judge.

By the way, I think long engagements, even between perſons who love, extremely unfavourable to happineſs: it is certainly right to be long enough acquainted to know ſomething of each other's temper; but 'tis bad to let the firſt fire burn out before we come together; and when we have once reſolved, I have no notion of delaying a moment.

If I ſhould ever conſent to marry Fitzgerald, and he ſhould not fly for a licence before I had finiſhed the ſentence, I would diſmiſs him if there was not another lover to be had in Canada.

Adieu!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

My Emily is now free as air; a ſweet little bird eſcaped from the gilded cage. Are you not glad of it, Lucy? I am amazingly.

LETTER LXVI.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Feb. 11.

WOULD one think it poſſible, Lucy, that Sir George ſhould conſole himſelf for the loſs of all that is lovely in woman, by the ſordid proſpect of acquiring, by an intereſted marriage, a little more of that wealth of which he has already much more than he can either enjoy or become? By what wretched motives are half mankind influenced in the moſt important action of their lives!

The

The vulgar of every rank expect happineſs where it is not to be found, in the ideal advantages of ſplendor and diſſipation; thoſe who dare to think, thoſe minds who partake of the celeſtial fire, ſeek it in the real, ſolid pleaſures of nature and ſoft affection.

I have ſeen my lovely Emily ſince I wrote to you; I ſhall not ſee her again of ſome days; I do not intend at preſent to make my viſits to Silleri ſo frequent as I have done lately, leſt the world, ever ſtudious to blame, ſhould miſconſtrue her conduct on this very delicate occaſion. I am even afraid to ſhew my uſual attention to her when preſent, leſt ſhe herſelf ſhould think I preſume on the politeneſs ſhe has ever ſhewn me, and ſee her breaking with Sir George in a falſe light: the greater I think her obliging partiality to me, the more guarded I ought to be in my behaviour to her; her ſituation has ſome reſemblance to widowhood, and ſhe has equal decorums to obſerve.

I can-

I cannot however help encouraging a pleaſing hope that I am not abſolutely indifferent to her: her lovely eyes have a ſoftneſs when they meet mine, to which words cannot do juſtice: ſhe talks leſs to me than to others, but it is in a tone of voice which penetrates my ſoul; and when I ſpeak, her attention is moſt flattering, though of a nature not to be ſeen by common obſervers; without ſeeming to diſtinguiſh me from the crowd who ſtrive to engage her eſteem and friendſhip, ſhe has a manner of addreſſing me which the heart alone can feel; ſhe contrives to prevent my appearing to give her any preference to the reſt of her ſex, yet I have ſeen her bluſh at my civility to another.

She has at leaſt a friendſhip for me, which alone would make the happineſs of my life; and which I would prefer to the love of the moſt charming woman imagination could form, ſenſible as I am to the ſweeteſt of all paſſions: this friendſhip, however,

however, time and aſſiduity may ripen into love; at leaſt I ſhould be moſt unhappy if I did not think ſo.

I love her with a tenderneſs of which few of my ſex are capable: you have often told me, and you were right, that my heart has all the ſenſibility of woman.

A mail is arrived, by which I hope to hear from you; I muſt hurry to the poſt-office; you ſhall hear again in a few days.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER LXVII.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

London, Dec. 1.

YOU need be in no pain, my dear brother, on Mr. Temple's account; my heart is in no danger from a man of his preſent character: his perſon and manner are certainly extremely pleaſing; his underſtanding, and I believe his principles, are worthy of your friendſhip; an encomium which, let me obſerve, is from me a very high one: he will be admired every where, but to be beloved, he wants, or at leaſt appears to me to want, the moſt endearing of all qualities, that genuine tenderneſs of ſoul, that almoſt feminine ſenſibility, which, with all your firmneſs

of

of mind and ſpirit, you poſſeſs beyond any man I ever yet met with.

If your friend wiſhes to pleaſe me, which I almoſt fancy he does, he muſt endeavour to reſemble you; 'tis rather hard upon me, I think, that the only man I perfectly approve, and whoſe diſpoſition is formed to make me happy, ſhould be my brother: I beg you will find out ſomebody very like yourſelf for your ſiſter, for you have really made me ſaucy.

I pity you heartily, and wiſh above all things to hear of your Emily's marriage, for your preſent ſituation muſt be extremely unpleaſant.

But, my dear brother, as you were ſo very wiſe about Temple, allow me to aſk you whether it is quite conſiſtent with prudence to throw yourſelf in the way of a woman ſo formed to inſpire you with tenderneſs,

tenderneſs, and whom it is ſo impoſſible you can ever hope to poſſeſs: is not this acting a little like a fooliſh girl, who plays round the flame which ſhe knows will conſume her?

My mother is well, but will never be happy till you return to England; I often find her in tears over your letters; I will ſay no more on a ſubject which I know will give you pain. I hope, however, to hear you have given up all thoughts of ſettling in America: it would be a better plan to turn farmer in Rutlandſhire; we could double the eſtate by living upon it, and I am ſure I ſhould make the prettieſt milk-maid in the county.

I am ſerious, and think we could live very ſuperbly all together in the country; conſider it well, my dear Ned, for I cannot bear to ſee my mother ſo unhappy as your abſence makes her. I hear her on the ſtairs; I muſt hurry away my letter, for

for I don't chooſe ſhe ſhould know I write to you on this ſubject.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

LUCY RIVERS.

Say every thing for me to Bell Fermor; and in your own manner to your Emily, in whoſe friendſhip I promiſe myſelf great happineſs.

LETTER LXVIII.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Montreal, Feb. 10.

NEVER any aſtoniſhment equalled mine, my dear Emily, at hearing you had broke an engagement of years, ſo much to your advantage as to fortune, and

and with a man of ſo very unexceptionable a character as Sir George, without any other apparent cauſe than a ſlight indelicacy in a letter of his mother's, for which candour and affection would have found a thouſand excuſes. I will not allow myſelf to ſuppoſe, what is however publicly ſaid here, that you have ſacrificed prudence, decorum, and I had almoſt ſaid honor, to an imprudent inclination for a man, to whom there is the ſtrongeſt reaſon to believe you are indifferent, and who is even ſaid to have an attachment to another: I mean Colonel Rivers, who, though a man of worth, is in a ſituation which makes it impoſſible for him to think of you, were you even as dear to him as the world ſays he is to you.

I am too unhappy to ſay more on this ſubject, but expect from our paſt friendſhip a very ſincere anſwer to two queſtions; whether love for Colonel Rivers was the real motive for the indiſcreet ſtep

you

you have taken? and whether, if it was, you have the excuſe of knowing he loves you? I ſhould be glad to know what are your views, if you have any. I am,

My dear Emily,

Your affectionate friend,

E. MELMOTH.

LETTER LXIX.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Silleri, Feb. 19.

My dear Madam,

I AM too ſenſible of the rights of friendſhip, to refuſe anſwering your queſtions; which I ſhall do in as few words as poſſible. I have not the leaſt reaſon to ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe myſelf beloved by Colonel Rivers; nor, if I know my heart, do I *love him* in that ſenſe of the word your queſtion ſuppoſes: I think him the beſt, the moſt amiable of mankind; and my extreme affection for him, though I believe that affection only a very lively friendſhip, firſt awakened me to a ſenſe of the indelicacy and impropriety of marrying Sir George.

To enter into ſo ſacred an engagement as marriage with one man, with a ſtronger affection for another, of how calm and innocent a nature ſoever that affection may be, is a degree of baſeneſs of which my heart is incapable.

When I firſt agreed to marry Sir George, I had no ſuperior eſteem for any other man; I thought highly of him, and wanted courage to reſiſt the preſſing ſolicitations of my uncle, to whom I had a thouſand obligations. I even almoſt perſuaded myſelf I loved him, nor did I find my

my miſtake till I ſaw Colonel Rivers, in whoſe converſation I had ſo very lively a pleaſure as ſoon convinced me of my miſtake: I therefore reſolved to break with Sir George, and nothing but the fear of giving him pain prevented my doing it ſooner: his behaviour on the receipt of his mother's letter removed that fear, and ſet me free in my own opinion, and I hope will in yours, from engagements which were equally in the way of my happineſs, and his ambition. If he is ſincere, he will tell you my refuſal of him made him happy, though he chooſes to affect a chagrin which he does not feel.

I have no view but that of returning to England in the ſpring, and fixing with a relation in the country.

If Colonel Rivers has an attachment, I hope it is to one worthy of him; for my own part, I never entertained the remoteſt thought of him in any light but that of the moſt

moſt ſincere and tender of friends. I am, Madam, with great eſteem,

Your affectionate friend

and obedient ſervant,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER LXX.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Feb. 27.

THERE are two parties at Quebec in regard to Emily: the prudent mammas abuſe her for loſing a good match, and ſuppoſe it to proceed from her partiality to your brother, to the imprudence of which they give no quarter; whilſt the miſſes admire her generoſity and ſpirit, in ſacrificing all for love; ſo impoſſible it is to pleaſe every

every body. However, ſhe has, in my opinion, done the wiſeſt thing in the world; that is, ſhe has pleaſed herſelf.

As to her inclination for your brother, I am of their opinion, that ſhe loves him without being quite clear in the point herſelf: ſhe has not yet confeſſed the fact even to me; but ſhe has ſpeaking eyes, Lucy, and I think I can interpret their language.

Whether he ſees it or not I cannot tell; I rather think he does, becauſe he has been leſs here, and more guarded in his manner when here, than before this matrimonial affair was put an end to; which is natural enough on that ſuppoſition, becauſe he knows the impertinence of Quebec, and is both prudent and delicate to a great degree.

He comes, however, and we are pretty good company, only a little more reſerved on both ſides; which is, in my opinion, a little ſymptomatic.

La! here's papa come up to write at my bureau; I dare ſay, it's only to pry into what I am about; but excuſe me, my dear Sir, for that. Adieu! *juſqu'au demain, ma très chere.*

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER LXXI.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, Feb. 20.

EVERY hour, my Lucy, convinces me more clearly there is no happineſs for me without this lovely woman; her turn of mind is ſo correſpondent to my own, that we ſeem to have but one ſoul: the firſt moment I ſaw her the idea ſtruck me that we had been friends in ſome pre-exiſtent ſtate, and were only renewing our acquaintance here; when ſhe ſpeaks, my heart vibrates to the ſound, and owns every thought ſhe expreſſes a native there.

The ſame dear affections, the ſame tender ſenſibility, the moſt precious gift of Heaven, inform our minds, and make us peculiarly capable of exquiſite happineſs or miſery.

The paſſions, my Lucy, are common to all; but the affections, the lively ſweet affections, the only ſources of true pleaſure, are the portion only of a choſen few.

Uncertain at preſent of the nature of her ſentiments, I am determined to develop them clearly before I diſcover mine: if ſhe loves as I do, even a perpetual exile here will be pleaſing. The remoteſt wood in Canada with her would be no longer a deſert wild; it would be the habitation of the Graces.

But I forget your letter, my dear girl; I am hurt, beyond words, at what you tell me of my mother; and would inſtantly return to England, did not my fondneſs for this charming woman detain me here: you

are both too good in wiſhing to retire with me to the country; will your tenderneſs lead you a ſtep farther, my Lucy? It would be too much to hope to ſee you here; and yet, if I marry Emily, it will be impoſſible for me to think of returning to England.

There is a man here whom I ſhould prefer of all men I ever ſaw for you; but he is already attached to your friend Bell Fermor, who is very inattentive to her own happineſs, if ſhe refuſes him: I am very happy in finding you think of Temple as I wiſh you ſhould.

You are ſo very civil, Lucy, in regard to me, I am afraid of becoming vain from your praiſes.

Take care, my dear, you don't ſpoil me by this exceſs of civility, for my only merit is that of not being a coxcomb.

I have

I have a heavineſs of heart, which has never left me ſince I read your letter: I am ſhocked at the idea of giving pain to the beſt parent that ever exiſted; yet have leſs hope than ever of ſeeing England, without giving up the tender friend, the dear companion, the adored miſtreſs; in ſhort, the very woman I have all my life been in ſearch of: I am alſo hurt that I cannot place this object of all my wiſhes in a ſtation equal to that ſhe has rejected, and I begin to think, rejected for me.

I never before repined at ſeeing the gifts of fortune laviſhed on the unworthy.

Adieu, my dear! I will write again when I can write more chearfully.

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER LXXII.

To the Earl of ———.

Silleri, Feb. 20.

My Lord,

YOUR Lordſhip does me great honor in ſuppoſing me capable of giving any ſatisfactory account of a country in which I have ſpent only a few months.

As a proof, however, of my zeal, and the very ſtrong deſire I have to merit the eſteem you honor me with, I ſhall communicate from time to time the little I have obſerved, and may obſerve, as well as what I hear from good authority, with that lively pleaſure with which I have ever obeyed every command of your Lordſhip's.

The French, in the firſt ſettling this colony, ſeem to have had an eye only to the conqueſt of ours: their whole ſyſtem of policy

policy ſeems to have been military, not commercial; or only ſo far commercial as was neceſſary to ſupply the wants, and by ſo doing to gain the friendſhip, of the ſavages, in order to make uſe of them againſt us.

The lands are held on military tenure: every peaſant is a ſoldier, every ſeigneur an officer, and both ſerve without pay whenever called upon; this ſervice is, except a very ſmall quit-rent by way of acknowledgment, all they pay for their lands: the ſeigneur holds of the crown, the peaſant of the ſeigneur, who is at once his lord and commander.

The peaſants are in general tall and robuſt, notwithſtanding their exceſſive indolence; they love war, and hate labor; are brave, hardy, alert in the field, but lazy and inactive at home; in which they reſemble the ſavages, whoſe manners they ſeem ſtrongly to have imbibed. The go-

vernment appears to have encouraged a military ſpirit all over the colony; though ignorant and ſtupid to a great degree, theſe peaſants have a ſtrong ſenſe of honor; and though they ſerve, as I have ſaid, without pay, are never ſo happy as when called to the field.

They are exceſſively vain, and not only look on the French as the only civilized nation in the world, but on themſelves as the flower of the French nation: they had, I am told, a great averſion to the regular troops which came from France in the late war, and a contempt equal to that averſion; they however had an affection and eſteem for the late Marquis De Montcalm, which almoſt roſe to idolatry; and I have even at this diſtance of time ſeen many of them in tears at the mention of his name: an honeſt tribute to the memory of a commander equally brave and humane; for whom his enemies wept even on the day when their own hero fell.

I am

I am called upon for this letter, and have only time to aſſure your Lordſhip of my reſpect, and of the pleaſure I always receive from your commands. I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Miſs FERMOR.

Feb. 24, Eleven at night.

I HAVE indeed, my dear, a pleaſure in his converſation, to which words cannot do juſtice: love itſelf is leſs tender and lively than my friendſhip for Rivers; from the firſt moment I ſaw him, I loſt all taſte for other converſation; even yours, amiable as you are, borrows its moſt prevail-

ing charm from the pleaſure of hearing you talk of him.

When I call my tenderneſs for him friendſhip, I do not mean either to paint myſelf as an enemy to tenderer ſentiments, or him as one whom it is eaſy to ſee without feeling them: all I mean is, that, as our ſituations make it impoſſible for us to think of each other except as friends, I have endeavored—I hope with ſucceſs—to ſee him in no other light: it is not in his power to marry without fortune, and mine is a trifle: had I worlds, they ſhould be his; but, I am neither ſo ſelfiſh as to deſire, nor ſo romantic as to expect, that he ſhould deſcend from the rank of life he has been bred in, and live loſt to the world with me.

As to the impertinence of two or three women, I hear of it with perfect indifference: my dear Rivers eſteems me, he approves my conduct, and all elſe is below my care: the applauſe of worlds would

would give me leſs pleaſure than one ſmile of approbation from him.

I am aſtoniſhed your father ſhould know me ſo little, as to ſuppoſe me capable of being influenced even by you: when I determined to refuſe Sir George, it was from the feelings of my own heart alone; the firſt moment I ſaw Colonel Rivers convinced me my heart had till then been a ſtranger to true tenderneſs: from that moment my life has been one continued ſtruggle between my reaſon, which ſhewed me the folly as well as indecency of marrying one man when I ſo infinitely preferred another, and a falſe point of honor and miſtaken compaſſion: from which painful ſtate, a concurrence of favorable accidents has at length happily relieved me, and left me free to act as becomes me.

Of this, my dear, be aſſured, that, though I have not the leaſt idea of ever marrying Colonel Rivers, yet, whilſt my

ſentiments for him continue what they are, I will never marry any other man.

I am hurt at what Mrs. Melmoth hinted in her letter to you, of Rivers having appeared to attach himſelf to me from vanity; ſhe endeavors in vain to deſtroy my eſteem for him: you well know, he never did appear to attach himſelf to me; he is incapable of having done it from ſuch a motive; but if he had, ſuch delight have I in whatever pleaſes him, that I ſhould with joy have ſacrificed my own vanity to gratify his.

Adieu! Your

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LET-

LETTER LXXIV.

To Miſs MONTAGUE.

Feb 25, Eight o'clock, juſt up.

MY dear, you deceive yourſelf; you love Colonel Rivers; you love him even with all the tenderneſs of romance: read over again the latter part of your letter; I know friendſhip, and of what it is capable; but I fear the ſacrifices it makes are of a different nature.

Examine your heart, my Emily, and tell me the reſult of that examination. It is of the utmoſt conſequence to you to be clear as to the nature of your affection for Rivers.

Adieu! Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER LXXV.

To Miſs FERMOR.

YES, my dear Bell, you know me better than I know myſelf; your Emily loves.—But tell me, and with that clear ſincerity which is the cement of our friendſhip; has not your own heart diſcovered to you the ſecret of mine? do you not alſo love this moſt amiable of mankind? Yes, you do, and I am loſt: it is not in woman to ſee him without love; there are a thouſand charms in his converſation, in his look, nay in the very ſound of his voice, to which it is impoſſible for a ſoul like yours to be inſenſible.

I have obſerved you a thouſand times liſtening to him with that air of ſoftneſs and complacency—Believe me, my dear, I am not angry with you for loving him; he

he is formed to charm the heart of woman: I have not the leaſt right to complain of you; you knew nothing of my paſſion for him; you even regarded me almoſt as the wife of another. But tell me, though my heart dies within me at the queſtion, is your tenderneſs mutual? does he love you? I have obſerved a coldneſs in his manner lately, which now alarms me.—My heart is torn in pieces. Muſt I receive this wound from the two perſons on earth moſt dear to me? Indeed, my dear, this is more than your Emily can bear. Tell me only whether you love: I will not aſk more.—Is there on earth a man who can pleaſe where he appears?

LETTER LXXVI.

To Miſs MONTAGUE.

YOU have diſcovered me, my ſweet Emily: I love—not quite ſo dyingly as you do; but I love; will you forgive me when I add, that I am beloved? It is unneceſſary to add the name of him I love, as you have ſo kindly appropriated the whole ſex to Colonel Rivers.

However, to ſhew you it is poſſible you may be miſtaken, 'tis the little Fitz I love, who, in my eye, is ten times more agreeable than even your nonpareil of a Colonel. I know you will think me a ſhocking wretch for this depravity of taſte; but ſo it is.

Upon my word, I am half inclined to be angry with you for not being in love with Fitzgerald; a tall Iriſhman, with good

good eyes, has as clear a title to make conqueſts as other people.

Yes, my dear, *there is a man on earth*, and even in the little town of Quebec, *who can pleaſe where he appears*. Surely, child, if there was but one man on earth who could pleaſe, you would not be ſo unreaſonable as to engroſs him all to yourſelf.

For my part, though I like Fitzgerald extremely, I by no means inſiſt that every other woman ſhall.

Go, you are a fooliſh girl, and don't know what you would be at. Rivers is a very handſome agreeable fellow; but *it is in woman* to ſee him without dying for love, of which behold your little Bell an example. Adieu! be wiſer, and believe me

Ever yours,

A. FERMOR.

Will

Will you go this morning to Montmorenci on the ice, and dine on the iſland of Orleans? dare you truſt yourſelf in a covered carriole with the dear man? Don't anſwer this, becauſe I am certain you can ſay nothing on the ſubject, which will not be very fooliſh.

LETTER LXXVII.

To Miſs FERMOR.

I AM glad you do not ſee Colonel Rivers with my eyes; yet it ſeems to me very ſtrange; I am almoſt piqued at your giving another the preference. I will ſay no more, it being, as you obſerve, impoſſible to avoid being abſurd on ſuch a ſubject.

I will go to Montmorenci; and, to ſhew my courage, will venture in a covered carriole with Colonel Rivers, though I ſhould rather wiſh your father for my cavalier at preſent.

Yours, EMILY MONTAGUE.

LET-

LETTER LXXVIII.

To Miſs MONTAGUE.

YOU are right, my dear: 'tis more prudent to go with my father. I love prudence; and will therefore ſend for Mademoiſelle Clairaut to be Rivers's belle.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER LXXIX.

To Miſs FERMOR.

YOU are a provoking chit, and I will go with Rivers. Your father may attend Madame Villiers, who you know will naturally take it ill if ſhe is not of our party. We can aſk Mademoiſelle Clairaut another time.

Adieu! Your

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LET-

LETTER LXXX.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Feb. 25.

THOSE who have heard no more of a Canadian winter than what regards the intenſeneſs of its cold, muſt ſuppoſe it a very joyleſs ſeaſon: 'tis, I aſſure you, quite otherwiſe; there are indeed ſome days here, of the ſeverity of which thoſe who were never out of England can form no conception; but thoſe days ſeldom exceed a dozen in a whole winter; nor do they come in ſucceſſion, but at intermediate periods, as the winds ſet in from the North-Weſt; which, coming ſome hundred leagues, from frozen lakes and rivers, over woods and mountains covered with ſnow, would be inſupportable, were it not for the furs with which the country abounds, in ſuch variety and plenty as to be within the reach of all its inhabitants.

Thus

Thus defended, the Britiſh belles ſet the winter of Canada at defiance; and the ſeaſon of which you ſeem to entertain ſuch terrible ideas, is that of the utmoſt chearfulneſs and feſtivity.

But what particularly pleaſes me is, there is no place where women are of ſuch importance: not one of the ſex, who has the leaſt ſhare of attractions, is without a levee of beaux interceding for the honor of attending her on ſome party, of which every day produces three or four.

I am juſt returned from one of the moſt agreeable jaunts imagination can paint, to the iſland of Orleans, by the falls of Montmorenci; the latter is almoſt nine miles diſtant, acroſs the great baſon of Quebec; but as we are obliged to reach it in winter by the waving line, our direct road being intercepted by the inequalities of the ice, it is now perhaps a third more. You will poſſibly ſuppoſe a ride

a ride of this kind muſt want one of the greateſt eſſentials to entertainment, that of variety, and imagine it only one dull whirl over an unvaried plain of ſnow: on the contrary, my dear, we paſs hills and mountains of ice in the trifling ſpace of theſe few miles. The baſon of Quebec is formed by the conflux of the rivers St. Charles and Montmorenci with the great river St. Lawrence, the rapidity of whoſe flood-tide, as theſe rivers are gradually ſeized by the froſt, breaks up the ice, and drives it back in heaps, till it forms ridges of tranſparent rock to an height that is aſtoniſhing, and of a ſtrength which bids defiance to the utmoſt rage of the moſt furiouſly ruſhing tide.

This circumſtance makes this little journey more pleaſing than you can poſſibly conceive: the ſerene blue ſky above, the dazzling brightneſs of the ſun, and the colors from the refraction of its rays on the tranſparent part of theſe ridges of ice, the winding courſe theſe oblige you to make,

the

the ſudden diſappearing of a train of fifteen or twenty carrioles, as theſe ridges intervene, which again diſcover themſelves on your riſing to the top of the frozen mount, the tremendous appearance both of the aſcent and deſcent, which however are not attended with the leaſt danger; all together give a grandeur and variety to the ſcene, which almoſt riſe to enchantment.

Your dull foggy climate affords nothing that can give you the leaſt idea of our froſt-pieces in Canada; nor can you form any notion of our amuſements, of the agreeableneſs of a covered carriole, with a ſprightly fellow, rendered more ſprightly by the keen air and romantic ſcene about him; to ſay nothing of the fair lady at his ſide.

Even an overturning has nothing alarming in it; you are laid gently down on a ſoft bed of ſnow, without the leaſt danger of any kind; and an accident of this ſort only gives a pretty fellow occaſion to vary the

the ſtyle of his civilities, and ſhew a greater degree of attention.

But it is almoſt time to come to Montmorenci: to avoid, however, fatiguing you or myſelf, I ſhall refer the reſt of our tour to another letter, which will probably accompany this: my meaning is, that two moderate letters are vaſtly better than one long one; in which ſentiment I know you agree with

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER LXXXI.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Feb. 25, Afternoon.

SO, my dear, as I was ſaying, this ſame ride to Montmorenci—where was I, Lucy? I forget.—O, I believe pretty near the mouth of the bay, emboſomed in which lies the lovely caſcade of which I am to give you a winter deſcription, and which I only ſlightly mentioned when I gave you an account of the rivers by which it is ſupplied.

The road, about a mile before you reach this bay, is a regular glaſſy level, without any of thoſe intervening hills of ice which I have mentioned; hills, which with the ideas, though falſe ones, of danger and difficulty, give thoſe of beauty and magnificence too.

As you gradually approach the bay, you are ſtruck with an awe, which increaſes every moment, as you come nearer, from the grandeur of a ſcene, which is one of the nobleſt works of nature: the beauty, the proportion, the ſolemnity, the wild magnificence of which, ſurpaſſing every poſſible effect of art, impreſs one ſtrongly with the idea of its Divine Almighty architect.

The rock on the eaſt ſide, which is firſt in view as you approach, is a ſmooth and almoſt perpendicular precipice, of the ſame height as the fall; the top, which a little over-hangs, is beautifully covered with pines, firs, and ever-greens of various kinds, whoſe verdant luſtre is rendered at this ſeaſon more ſhining and lovely by the ſurrounding ſnow, as well as by that which is ſprinkled irregularly on their branches, and glitters half melted in the ſun-beams: a thouſand ſmaller ſhrubs are ſcattered on the ſide of the aſcent, and, having their roots in almoſt imperceptible

ble clefts of the rock, ſeem to thoſe below to grow in air.

The weſt ſide is equally lofty, but more ſloping, which, from that circumſtance, affords ſoil all the way, upon ſhelving inequalities of the rock, at little diſtances, for the growth of trees and ſhrubs, by which it is almoſt entirely hid.

The moſt pleaſing view of this miracle of nature is certainly in ſummer, and in the early part of it, when every tree is in foliage and full verdure, every ſhrub in flower; and when the river, ſwelled with a waſte of waters from the mountains from which it derives its ſource, pours down in a tumultuous torrent, that equally charms and aſtoniſhes the beholder.

The winter ſcene has, notwithſtanding, its beauties, though of a different kind, more reſembling the ſtillneſs and inactivity of the ſeaſon.

The river being on its ſides bound up in froſt, and its channel rendered narrower than in the ſummer, affords a leſs body of water to ſupply the caſcade; and the fall, though very ſteep, yet not being exactly perpendicular, maſſes of ice are formed, on different ſhelving projections of the rock, in a great variety of forms and proportions.

The torrent, which before ruſhed with ſuch impetuoſity down the deep deſcent in one vaſt ſheet of water, now deſcends in ſome parts with a ſlow and majeſtic pace; in others ſeems almoſt ſuſpended in mid air; and in others, burſting through the obſtacles which interrupt its courſe, pours down with redoubled fury into the foaming baſon below, from whence a ſpray ariſes, which, freezing in its aſcent, becomes on each ſide a wide and irregular frozen breaſt-work; and in front, the ſpray being there much greater, a lofty and magnificent pyramid of ſolid ice.

I have

I have not told you half the grandeur, half the beauty, half the lovely wildneſs of this ſcene: if you would know what it is, you muſt take no information but that of your own eyes, which I pronounce ſtrangers to the lovelieſt work of creation till they have ſeen the river and fall of Montmorenci.

In ſhort, my dear, I am Montmorenci-mad.

I can hardly deſcend to tell you, we paſſed the ice from thence to Orleans, and dined out of doors on ſix feet of ſnow, in the charming enlivening warmth of the ſun, though in the month of February, at a time when you in England ſcarce feel his beams.

Fitzgerald made violent love to me all the way, and I never felt myſelf liſten with ſuch complacency.

Adieu! I have wrote two immenſe letters. Write oftener; you are lazy, yet expect me to be an abſolute ſlave in the ſcribbling way.

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

Do you know your brother has admirable ideas? He contrived to loſe his way on our return, and kept Emily ten minutes behind the reſt of the company. I am apt to fancy there was ſomething like a declaration, for ſhe bluſhed,

"Celeſtial roſy red,"

when he led her into the dining room at Silleri.

Once more, adieu!

LET-

LETTER LXXXII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

March 1.

I WAS miſtaken, my dear; not a word of love between your brother and Emily, as ſhe poſitively aſſures me; ſomething very tender has paſſed, I am convinced, notwithſtanding, for ſhe bluſhes more than ever when he approaches, and there is a certain ſoftneſs in his voice when he addreſſes her, which cannot eſcape a perſon of my penetration.

Do you know, my dear Lucy, that there is a little impertinent girl here, a Mademoiſelle Clairaut, who, on the mere merit of features and complexion, ſets up for being as handſome as Emily and me?

If beauty, as I will take the liberty to aſſert, is given us for the purpoſe of pleaſ-

ing, ſhe who pleaſes moſt, that is to ſay, ſhe who excites the moſt paſſion, is to all intents and purpoſes the moſt beautiful woman; and, in this caſe, I am inclined to believe your little Bell ſtands pretty high on the roll of beauty; the men's *eyes* may perhaps *ſay* ſhe is handſome, but their *hearts feel* that I am ſo.

There is, in general, nothing ſo inſipid, ſo unintereſting, as a Beauty; which thoſe men experience to their coſt, who chooſe from vanity, not inclination. I remember Sir Charles Herbert, a Captain in the ſame regiment with my father, who determined to marry Miſs Raymond before he ſaw her, merely becauſe he had been told ſhe was a celebrated beauty, though ſhe was never known to have inſpired a real paſſion: he ſaw her not with his own eyes but thoſe of the public, took her charms on truſt; and, till he was her huſband, never found out ſhe was not his taſte; a ſecret, however, of ſome little importance to his happineſs.

I have,

I have, however, known ſome Beauties who had a right to pleaſe; that is, who had a mixture of that inviſible charm, that nameleſs grace, which by no means depends on beauty, and which ſtrikes the heart in a moment; but my firſt averſion is your *fine women:* don't you think *a fine woman* a deteſtable creature, Lucy? I do: they are vaſtly well to *fill* public places: but as to the heart—Heavens, my dear! yet there are men, I ſuppoſe, to be found, who have a taſte for the great ſublime in beauty.

Men are vaſtly fooliſh, my dear; very few of them have ſpirit to think for themſelves; there are a thouſand Sir Charles Herberts: I have ſeen ſome of them weak enough to decline marrying the woman on earth moſt pleaſing to themſelves, becauſe not thought handſome by the generality of their companions.

Women are above this folly, and therefore chooſe much oftener from affection than men. We are a thouſand times wiſer, Lucy, than theſe important beings, theſe mighty lords,

"Who ſtrut and fret their hour upon the ſtage;"

and, inſtead of playing the part in life which nature dictates to their reaſon and their hearts, act a borrowed one at the will of others.

I had rather even judge ill, than not judge for myſelf.

Adieu! yours ever,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, March 4.

AFTER debating with myſelf ſome days, I am determined to purſue Emily; but before I make a declaration, will go to ſee ſome ungranted lands at the back of Madame Des Roches's eſtate; which, lying on a very fine river, and ſo near the St. Lawrence, may I think be cultivated at leſs expence than thoſe above Lake Champlain, though in a much inferior climate: if I make my ſettlement here, I will purchaſe the eſtate Madame Des Roches has to ſell, which will open me a road to the river St. Lawrence, and conſequently treble the value of my lands.

I love, I adore this charming woman; but I will not ſuffer my tenderneſs for her to make her unhappy, or to lower her ſtation in life: if I can, by my preſent plan, ſecure her what will in this country be a degree of affluence, I will endeavor to change her friendſhip for me into a tenderer and more lively affection; if ſhe loves, I know by my own heart, that Canada will be no longer a place of exile; if I have flattered myſelf, and ſhe has only a friendſhip for me, I will return immediately to England, and retire with you and my mother to our little eſtate in the country.

You will perhaps ſay, why not make Emily of our party? I am almoſt aſhamed to ſpeak plain; but ſo weak are we, and ſo guided by the prejudices we fancy we deſpiſe, that I cannot bear my Emily, after refuſing a coach and ſix, ſhould live without an equipage ſuitable at leaſt to her birth, and

and the manner in which ſhe has always lived when in England.

I know this is folly, that it is a deſpicable pride; but it is a folly, a pride, I cannot conquer.

There are moments when I am above all this childiſh prejudice, but it returns upon me in ſpite of myſelf.

Will you come to us, my Lucy? Tell my mother, I will build her a ruſtic palace, and ſettle a little principality on you both.

I make this a private excurſion, becauſe I don't chooſe any body ſhould even gueſs at my views. I ſhall ſet out in the evening, and make a circuit to croſs the river above the town.

I ſhall not even take leave at Silleri, as I propoſe being back in four days, and I know

know your friend Bell will be inquiſitive about my journey.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, March 6.

YOUR brother is gone nobody knows whither, and without calling upon us before he ſet off; we are piqued, I aſſure you, my dear, and with ſome little reaſon.

Very

Four o'clock.

Very ſtrange news, Lucy; they ſay Colonel Rivers is gone to marry Madame Des Roches, a lady at whoſe houſe he was ſome time in autumn; if this is true, I forſwear the whole ſex: his manner of ſtealing off is certainly very odd, and ſhe is rich and agreeable; but, if he does not love Emily, he has been exceſſively cruel in ſhewing an attention which has deceived her into a paſſion for him. I cannot believe it poſſible: not that he has ever told her he loved her; but a man of honour will not tell an untruth even with his eyes, and his have ſpoke a very unequivocal language.

I never ſaw any thing like her confuſion, when ſhe was told he was gone to viſit Madame Des Roches; but, when it was hinted with what deſign, I was obliged to take her out of the room, or ſhe would have diſcovered all the fondneſs of her

her ſoul. I really thought ſhe would have fainted as I led her out.

Eight o'clock.

I have ſent away all the men, and drank tea in Emily's apartment; ſhe has ſcarce ſpoke to me; I am miſerable for her; ſhe has a paleneſs which alarms me, the tears ſteal every moment into her lovely eyes. Can Rivers act ſo unworthy a part? her tenderneſs cannot have been unobſerved by him; it was too viſible to every body.

9th, Ten o'clock.

Not a line from your brother yet; only a confirmation of his being with Madame Des Roches, having been ſeen there by ſome Canadians who are come up this morning: I am not quite pleaſed, though I do not believe the report; he might have told us, ſurely, where he was going.

I pity

I pity Emily beyond words; ſhe ſays nothing, but there is a dumb eloquence in her countenance which is not to be deſcribed.

Twelve o'clock.

I have been an hour alone with the dear little girl, who has, from a hint I dropt on purpoſe, taken courage to ſpeak to me on this very intereſting ſubject; ſhe ſays, "ſhe ſhall be moſt unhappy if this re-"port is true, though without the leaſt "right to complain of Colonel Rivers, "who never even hinted a word of any "affection for her more tender than "friendſhip; that if her vanity, her ſelf-"love, or her tenderneſs, have deceived "her, ſhe ought only to blame herſelf." She added, "that ſhe wiſhed him to "marry Madame des Roches, if ſhe "could make him happy;" but when ſhe ſaid this, an involuntary tear ſeemed to contradict the generoſity of her ſentiments.

I beg

I beg your pardon, my dear, but my eſteem for your brother is greatly leſſened; I cannot help fearing there is ſomething in the report, and that this is what Mrs. Melmoth meant when ſhe mentioned his having an attachment.

I ſhall begin to hate the whole ſex, Lucy, if I find your brother unworthy, and ſhall give Fitzgerald his diſmiſſion immediately.

I am afraid Mrs. Melmoth knows men better than we fooliſh girls do: ſhe ſaid, he attached himſelf to Emily merely from vanity, and I begin to believe ſhe was right: how cruel is this conduct! The man who from vanity, or perhaps only to amuſe an idle hour, can appear to be attached where he is not, and by that means ſeduce the heart of a deſerving woman, or indeed of any woman, falls in my opinion very little ſhort in baſeneſs of him who practiſes a greater degree of ſeduction.

What

What right has he to make the moſt amiable of women wretched? a woman who would have deſerved him had he been monarch of the univerſal world! I might add, who has ſacrificed eaſe and affluence to her tenderneſs for him?

You will excuſe my warmth on ſuch an occaſion; however, as it may give you pain, I will ſay no more.

Adieu!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER LXXXV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Kamaraſkas, March 12.

I HAVE met with ſomething, my dear Lucy, which has given me infinite uneaſineſs; Madame Des Roches, from my extreme zeal to ſerve her in an affair wherein ſhe has been hardly uſed, from my ſecond viſit, and a certain involuntary attention, and ſoftneſs of manner, I have to all women, has ſuppoſed me in love with her, and with a frankneſs I cannot but admire, and a delicacy not to be deſcribed, has let me know I am far from being indifferent to her.

I was at firſt extremely embarraſſed; but when I had reflected a moment, I conſidered that the ladies, tho' another may be the object, always regard with a kind of

of complacency a man who *loves*, as one who acknowledges the power of the ſex, whereas an indifferent is a kind of rebel to their empire; I conſidered alſo that the confeſſion of a prior inclination ſaves the moſt delicate vanity from being wounded; and therefore determined to make her the confidante of my tenderneſs for Emily; leaving her an opening to ſuppoſe that, if my heart had been diſengaged, it could not have eſcaped her attractions.

I did this with all poſſible precaution, and with every ſoftening that friendſhip and politeneſs could ſuggeſt; ſhe was ſhocked at my confeſſion, but ſoon recovered herſelf enough to tell me ſhe was highly flattered by this proof of my confidence and eſteem; that ſhe believed me a man to have only the more reſpect for a woman who by owning her partiality had told me ſhe conſidered me not only as the moſt amiable, but the moſt noble of my ſex; that ſhe had heard, no love was ſo tender as that which was the child of friendſhip;

but that of this ſhe was convinced, that no friendſhip was ſo tender as that which was the child of love; that ſhe offered me this tender, this lively friendſhip, and would for the future find her happineſs in the conſideration of mine.

Do you know, my dear, that ſince this confeſſion, I feel a kind of tenderneſs for her, to which I cannot give a name? It is not love; for I love, I idolize another; but it is ſofter and more pleaſing, as well as more animated, than friendſhip.

You cannot conceive what pleaſure I find in her converſation; ſhe has an admirable underſtanding, a feeling heart, and a mixture of ſoftneſs and ſpirit in her manner, which is peculiarly pleaſing to men. My Emily will love her; I muſt bring them acquainted: ſhe promiſes to come to Quebec in May; I ſhall be happy to ſhew her every attention when there.

I have ſeen the lands, and am pleaſed

with them: I believe this will be my reſidence, if Emily, as I cannot avoid hoping, will make me happy; I ſhall declare myſelf as ſoon as I return, but muſt continue here a few days longer: I ſhall not be leſs pleaſed with this ſituation for its being ſo near Madame Des Roches, in whom Emily will find a friend worthy of her eſteem, and an entertaining lively companion.

Adieu, my dear Lucy!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

I have fixed on the loveliеſt ſpot on earth, on which to build a houſe for my mother: do I not expect too much in fancying ſhe will follow me hither?

LET-

LETTER LXXXVI.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, March 13.

STILL with Madame Des Roches; appearances are rather againſt him, you muſt own, Lucy: but I will not ſay all I think to you. Poor Emily! we diſpute continually, for ſhe will perſiſt in defending his conduct; ſhe ſays, he has a right to marry whoever he pleaſes; that her loving him is no tie upon his honor, eſpecially as he does not even know of this preference; that ſhe ought only to blame the weakneſs of her own heart, which has betrayed her into a falſe belief that their tenderneſs was mutual:—this is pretty talking, but he has done every thing to convince her of his feeling the ſtrongeſt paſſion for her, except making a formal declaration.

She

She talks of returning to England the moment the river is open: indeed, if your brother marries, it is the only ſtep left her to take. I almoſt wiſh now ſhe had married Sir George: ſhe would have had all the *douceurs* of marriage; and as to love, I begin to think men incapable of feeling it: ſome of them can indeed talk well on the ſubject; but ſelf-intereſt and vanity are the real paſſions of their ſouls. I deteſt the whole ſex.

Adieu!

A. FERMOR.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To the Earl of ——.

My Lord,

Silleri, March 13.

I GENERALLY diſtruſt my own opinion when it differs from your Lordſhip's; but in this inſtance I am moſt certainly in the right: allow me to ſay, nothing can be more ill-judged than your Lordſhip's deſign of retiring into a ſmall circle, from that world of which you have ſo long been one of the moſt brilliant ornaments. What you ſay of the diſagreeableneſs of age, is by no means applicable to your Lordſhip; nothing is in this reſpect ſo fallible as the pariſh regiſter. Why ſhould any man retire from ſociety whilſt he is capable of contributing to the pleaſures of it? Wit, vivacity, good-nature, and politeneſs, give an eternal youth, as ſtupidity and moroſeneſs a premature

old

old age. Without a thouſandth part of your Lordſhip's ſhining qualities, I think myſelf much younger than half the boys about me, merely becauſe I have more good-nature, and a ſtronger deſire of pleaſing.

My daughter is much honored by your Lordſhip's enquiries: ſhe is Bell Fermor ſtill; but is addreſſed by a gentleman who is extremely agreeable to me, and I believe not leſs ſo to her; I however know too well the free ſpirit of woman, of which ſhe has her full ſhare, to let Bell know I approve her choice; I am even in doubt whether it would not be good policy to ſeem to diſlike the match, in order to ſecure her conſent: there is ſomething very pleaſing to a young girl, in oppoſing the will of her father.

To ſpeak truth, I am a little out of humor with her at preſent, for having contributed, and I believe entirely from a ſpirit of oppoſition to me, to break a match

on which I had extremely ſet my heart; the lady was the niece of my particular friend, and one of the moſt lovely and deſerving women I ever knew: the gentleman very worthy, with an agreeable, indeed a very handſome perſon, and a fortune which with thoſe who know the world, would have compenſated for the want of moſt other advantages.

The fair lady, after an engagement of two years, took a whim that there was no happineſs in marriage without being madly in love, and that her paſſion was not ſufficiently romantic; in which piece of folly my rebel encouraged her, and the affair broke off in a manner which has brought on her the imputation of having given way to an idle prepoſſeſſion in favor of another.

Your Lordſhip will excuſe my talking on a ſubject very near my heart, though unintereſting to you; I have too often experienced your Lordſhip's indulgence to doubt

doubt it on this occaſion: your good-natured philoſophy will tell you, much fewer people talk or write to amuſe or inform their friends, than to give way to the feelings of their own hearts, or indulge the governing paſſion of the moment.

In my next, I will endeavor in the beſt manner I can, to obey your Lordſhip's commands in regard to the political and religious ſtate of Canada: I will make a point of getting the beſt information poſſible; what I have yet ſeen, has been only the ſurface.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, March 16, Monday.

YOUR brother is come back; and has been here: he came after dinner yeſterday. My Emily is more than woman; I am proud of her behaviour: he entered with his uſual impatient air; ſhe received him with a dignity which aſtoniſhed me, and diſconcerted him: there was a cool diſpaſſionate indifference in her whole manner, which I ſaw cut his vanity to the quick, and for which he was by no means prepared.

On ſuch an occaſion I ſhould have flirted violently with ſome other man, and have ſhewed plainly I was piqued: ſhe judged much better; I have only to wiſh

it

it may laſt. He is the verieſt coquet in nature; for, after all, I am convinced he loves Emily.

He ſtayed a very little time, and has not been here this morning; he may pout if he pleaſes, but I flatter myſelf we ſhall hold out the longeſt.

Nine o'clock.

He came to dine; we kept up our ſtate all dinner time; he begged a moment's converſation, which we refuſed, but with a timid air that makes me begin to fear we ſhall beat a parley: he is this moment gone, and Emily retired to her apartment on pretence of indiſpoſition: I am afraid ſhe is a fooliſh girl.

Half an hour after ſix.

It will not do, Lucy: I found her in tears at the window, following Rivers's carriole with her eyes: ſhe turned to me with ſuch a look—in ſhort, my dear,

" The weak, the fond, the fool, the coward woman"

has prevailed over all her reſolution: her love is only the more violent for having been a moment reſtrained; ſhe is not equal to the taſk ſhe has undertaken; her reſentment was concealed tenderneſs, and has retaken its firſt form.

I am ſorry to find there is not one wiſe woman in the world but myſelf.

Paſt ten.

I have been with her again: ſhe ſeemed a little calmer; I commended her ſpirit; ſhe diſavowed it; was peeviſh with me, angry with herſelf; ſaid ſhe had acted in a manner unworthy her character; accuſed herſelf of caprice, artifice, and cruelty; ſaid ſhe ought to have ſeen him, if not alone, yet with me only: that it was natural he ſhould be ſurprized at a reception ſo inconſiſtent with true friendſhip, and therefore that he ſhould wiſh an explanation;

planation; that *her* Rivers (and why not Madame Des Roches's Rivers?) was incapable of acting otherwiſe than as became the beſt and moſt tender of mankind, and that therefore ſhe ought not to have ſuffered a whiſper injurious to his honor: that I had meant well, but had, by depriving her of Rivers's friendſhip, which ſhe had loſt by her haughty behaviour, deſtroyed all the happineſs of her life.

To be ſure, your poor Bell is always to blame: but if ever I intermeddle between lovers again, Lucy—

I am ſure ſhe was ten times more angry with him than I was, but this it is to be too warm in the intereſt of our friends.

Adieu! till to-morrow.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

I can only ſay, that if Fitzgerald had viſited a handſome rich French widow, and ſtaid with her ten days *tête-à-tête* in the country, without my permiſſion—

O Heavens! here is *mon cher père:* I muſt hide my letter.

Bon ſoir.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, March 6.

I CANNOT account, my dear, for what has happened to me. I left Madame Des Roches's full of the warm impatience of love, and flew to my Emily at Silleri: I was received with a diſdainful coldneſs which I did not think had been in her nature, and which has ſhocked me beyond all expreſſion.

I went again to-day, and met with the ſame reception; I even ſaw my preſence was painful to her, therefore ſhortened my viſit, and, if I have reſolution to perſevere, will not go again till invited by Captain Fermor in form.

I could bear any thing but to loſe her affection; my whole heart was ſet upon her: I had every reaſon to believe myſelf dear to her. Can caprice find a place in that boſom which is the abode of every virtue?

I muſt have been miſrepreſented to her, or ſurely this could not have happened: I will wait to-morrow, and if I hear nothing will write to her, and aſk an explanation by letter; ſhe refuſed me a verbal one to-day, though I begged to ſpeak with her only for a moment.

Tueſday.

I have been aſked on a little riding party, and, as I cannot go to Silleri, have accepted it: it will amuſe my preſent anxiety.

I am to drive Mademoiſelle Clairaut, a very pretty French lady: this is however of no conſequence, for my eyes ſee nothing lovely but Emily.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER

LETTER XC.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Wedneſday morning.

POOR Emily is to meet with perpetual mortification: we have been carrioling with Fitzgerald and my father; and, coming back, met your brother driving Mademoiſelle Clairaut: Emily trembled, turned pale, and ſcarce returned Rivers's bow; I never ſaw a poor little girl ſo in love; ſhe is amazingly altered within the laſt fortnight.

Two o'clock.

A letter from Mrs. Melmoth: I ſend you a copy of it with this,

Adieu!

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER

LETTER XCI.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Silleri.

Montreal, March 19.

IF you are not abſolutely reſolved on deſtruction, my dear Emily, it is yet in your power to retrieve the falſe ſtep you have made.

Sir George, whoſe good-nature is in this inſtance almoſt without example, has been prevailed on by Mr. Melmoth to conſent I ſhould write to you before he leaves Montreal, and again offer you his hand, though rejected in a manner ſo very mortifying both to vanity and love.

He gives you a fortnight to conſider his offer, at the end of which, if you refuſe him, he ſets out for England over the lakes.

Be aſſured, the man for whom it is too plain you have acted this imprudent part, is ſo far from returning your affection, that he is at this moment addreſſing another; I mean Madame Des Roches, a near relation of whoſe aſſured me that there was an attachment between them: indeed it is impoſſible he could have thought of a woman whoſe fortune is as ſmall as his own. Men, Miſs Montague, are not the romantic beings you ſeem to ſuppoſe them; you will not find many Sir George Claytons.

I beg as early an anſwer as is conſiſtent with the attention ſo important a propoſal requires, as a compliment to a paſſion ſo generous and diſintereſted as that of Sir George. I am, my dear Emily,

Your affectionate friend,

E. Melmoth.

LETTER

LETTER XCII.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Silleri, March 19.

I AM ſorry, my dear Madam, you ſhould know ſo little of my heart, as to ſuppoſe it poſſible I could have broke my engagements with Sir George from any motive but the full conviction of my wanting that tender affection for him, and that lively taſte for his converſation, which alone could have inſured either his felicity or my own; happy is it for both that I diſcovered this before it was too late: it was a very unpleaſing circumſtance, even under an intention only of marrying him, to find my friendſhip ſtronger for another; what then would it have been under the moſt ſacred of all engagements, that of marriage? What wretchedneſs would have been the portion of both, had timidity,

timidity, decorum, or falſe honor, carried me, with this partiality in my heart, to fulfil thoſe views, entered into from compliance to my family, and continued from a falſe idea of propriety, and weak fear of the cenſures of the world?

The ſame reaſon therefore ſtill ſubſiſting, nay being every moment ſtronger, from a fuller conviction of the merit of him my heart prefers, in ſpite of me, to Sir George, our union is more impoſſible than ever.

I am however obliged to you, and Major Melmoth, for your zeal to ſerve me, though you muſt permit me to call it a miſtaken one; and to Sir George, for a conceſſion, which I own I ſhould not have made in his ſituation, and which I can only ſuppoſe the effect of Major Melmoth's perſuaſions, which he might ſuppoſe were known to me, and an imagination that my ſentiments for him were changed: aſ-

ſure

ſure him of my eſteem, tho' love is not in my power.

As Colonel Rivers never gave me the remoteſt reaſon to ſuppoſe him more than my friend, I have not the leaſt right to diſapprove his marrying: on the contrary, as his friend, I *ought* to wiſh a connexion which I am told is greatly to his advantage.

To prevent all future importunity, painful to me, and, all circumſtances conſidered, degrading to Sir George, whoſe honor is very dear to me, though I am obliged to refuſe him that hand which he ſurely cannot wiſh to receive without my heart, I am compelled to ſay, that, without an idea of ever being united to Colonel Rivers, I will never marry any other man.

Were I never again to behold him, were he even the huſband of another, my tenderneſs,

derneſs, a tenderneſs as innocent as it is lively, would never ceaſe: nor would I give up the refined delight of loving him, independently of any hope of being beloved, for any advantage in the power of fortune to beſtow.

Theſe being my ſentiments, ſentiments which no time can alter, they cannot be too ſoon known to Sir George: I would not one hour keep him in ſuſpence in a point, which this ſtep ſeems to ſay is of conſequence to his happineſs.

Tell him, I entreat him to forget me, and to come into views which will make his mother, and I have no doubt himſelf, happier than a marriage with a woman whoſe chief merit is that very ſincerity of heart which obliges her to refuſe him.

I am, Madam,

Your affectionate, &c.

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER

LETTER XCIII.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, Thurſday.

YOUR brother dines here to-day, by my father's invitation; I am afraid it will be but an awkward party.

Emily is at this moment an exceeding fine model for a ſtatue of tender melancholy.

Her anger is gone; not a trace remaining; 'tis ſorrow, but the moſt beautiful ſorrow I ever beheld: ſhe is all grief for having offended the dear man.

I am out of patience with this look; it is ſo flattering to him, I could beat her for

for it: I cannot bear his vanity ſhould be ſo gratified.

I wanted her to treat him with a ſaucy, unconcerned, flippant air; but her whole appearance is gentle, tender, I had almoſt ſaid ſupplicating: I am aſhamed of the folly of my own ſex: O, that I could to-day inſpire her with a little of my ſpirit! ſhe is a poor tame houſhold dove, and there is no making any thing of her.

Eleven o'clock.

"For my ſhepherd is kind, and my heart is at eaſe."

What fools women are, Lucy! He took her hand, expreſſed concern for her health, ſoftened the tone of his voice, looked a few civil things with thoſe expreſſive lying eyes of his, and without one word

word of explanation all was forgot in a moment.

Good night! Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Heavens! the fellow is here, has followed me to my dreſſing-room; was ever any thing ſo confident? Theſe modeſt men have ten times the aſſurance of your impudent fellows. I believe abſolutely he is going to make love to me: 'tis a critical hour, Lucy; and to rob one's friend of a lover is really a temptation.

Twelve o'clock.

The dear man is gone, and has made all up: he inſiſted on my explaining the reaſons of the cold reception he had met with;

with; which you know was impoſſible, without betraying the ſecret of poor Emily's little fooliſh heart.

I however contrived to let him know we were a little piqued at his going without ſeeing us, and that we were ſomething inclined to be jealous of his *friendſhip* for Madame Des Roches.

He made a pretty decent defence; and, though I don't abſolutely acquit him of coquetry, yet upon the whole I think I forgive him.

He loves Emily, which is great merit with me: I am only ſorry they are two ſuch poor devils, it is next to impoſſible they ſhould ever come together.

I think I am not angry now; as to Emily, her eyes dance with pleaſure; ſhe has not the ſame countenance as in the morning;

morning; this love is the fineſt coſmetick in the world.

After all, he is a charming fellow, and has eyes, Lucy—Heaven be praiſed, he never pointed their fire at me!

Adieu! I will try to ſleep.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER XCIV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Quebec, March 20.

THE coldneſs of which I complained, my dear Lucy, in regard to Emily, was the moſt flattering circumſtance which could have happened: I will not ſay it was

was the effect of jealouſy, but it certainly was of a delicacy of affection which extremely reſembles it.

Never did ſhe appear ſo lovely as yeſterday; never did ſhe diſplay ſuch variety of lovelineſs: there was a ſomething in her look, when I firſt addreſſed her on entering the room, touching beyond all words, a certain inexpreſſible melting languor, a dying ſoftneſs, which it was not in man to ſee unmoved: what then muſt a lover have felt?

I had the pleaſure, after having been in the room a few moments, to ſee this charming languor change to a joy which animated her whole form, and of which I was ſo happy as to believe myſelf the cauſe: my eyes had told her all that paſſed in my heart; hers had ſhewed me plainly they underſtood their language. We were ſtanding at a window at ſome little diſtance from the reſt of the company, when I took an opportunity of hint-

ing my concern at having, though without knowing it, offended her: ſhe bluſhed, ſhe looked down, ſhe again raiſed her lovely eyes, they met mine, ſhe ſighed; I took her hand, ſhe withdrew it, but not in anger; a ſmile, like that of the poet's Hebe, told me I was forgiven.

There is no deſcribing what then paſſed in my ſoul: with what difficulty did I reſtrain my tranſports! never before did I really know love: what I had hitherto felt even for her, was cold to that enchanting, that impaſſioned moment.

She is a thouſand times dearer to me than life: my Lucy, I cannot live without her.

I contrived, before I left Silleri, to ſpeak to Bell Fermor on the ſubject of Emily's reception of me; ſhe did not fully explain herſelf, but ſhe convinced me hatred had no part in her reſentment.

I am

I am going again this afternoon: every hour not paſſed with her is loſt.

I will ſeek a favorable occaſion of telling her the whole happineſs of my life depends on her tenderneſs.

Before I write again, my fate will poſſibly be determined: with every reaſon to hope, the timidity inſeparable from love makes me dread a full explanation of my ſentiments: if her native ſoftneſs ſhould have deceived me—but I will not ſtudy to be unhappy.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER XCV.

To Miſs RIVERS, Clarges Street.

Silleri, March 20.

I HAVE been telling Fitzgerald I am jealous of his prodigious attention to Emily, whoſe ceciſbeo he has been the laſt ten days: the ſimpleton took me ſeriouſly, and began to vindicate himſelf, by explaining the nature of his regard for her, pleading her late indiſpoſition as an excuſe for ſhewing her ſome extraordinary civilities.

I let him harangue ten minutes, then ſtops me him ſhort, puts on my poetical face, and repeats,

"When ſweet Emily complains,
"I have ſenſe of all her pains;
"But for little Bella, I
"Do not only grieve, but die."

He

He ſmiled, kiſſed my hand, praiſed my amazing penetration, and was going to take this opportunity of ſaying a thouſand civil things, when my divine Rivers appeared on the ſide of the hill; I flew to meet him, and left my love to finiſh the converſation alone.

Twelve o'clock.

I am the happieſt of all poſſible women; Fitzgerald is in the ſullens about your brother; ſurely there is no pleaſure in nature equal to that of plaguing a fellow who really loves one, eſpecially if he has as much merit as Fitzgerald, for otherwiſe he would not be worth tormenting. He had better not pout with me: I believe I know who will be tired firſt.

Eight in the evening.

I have paſſed a moſt delicious day: Fitzgerald took it into his wiſe head to

endeavor to make me jealous of a little pert Frenchwoman, the wife of a Croix de St. Louis, who I know he deſpiſes; I then thought myſelf at full liberty to play off all my airs, which I did with ineffable ſucceſs, and have ſent him home in a humor to hang himſelf. Your brother ſtays the evening, ſo does a very handſome fellow I have been flirting with all the day: Fitz was engaged here too, but I told him it was impoſſible for him not to attend Madame La Broſſe to Quebec; he looked at me with a ſpite in his countenance which charmed me to the ſoul, and handed the fair lady to his carriole.

I'll teach him to coquet, Lucy; let him take his Madame La Broſſe: indeed, as her huſband is at Montreal, I don't ſee how he can avoid purſuing his conqueſt: I am delighted, becauſe I know ſhe is his averſion.

Emily

Emily calls me to cards. Adieu! my dear little Lucy.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LETTER XCVI.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

Pall Mall, January 3.

I HAVE but a moment, my dear Ned, to tell you, that without ſo much as aſking your leave, and in ſpite of all your wiſe admonitions, your lovely ſiſter has this morning conſented to make me the happieſt of mankind: to-morrow gives me all that is excellent and charming in woman.

You are to look on my writing this letter as the ſtrongeſt proof I ever did, or

ever can give you of my friendſhip. I muſt love you with no common affection to remember at this moment that there is ſuch a man in being: perhaps you owe this recollection only to your being brother to the lovelieſt woman nature ever formed; whoſe charms in a month have done more towards my converſion than ſeven years of your preaching would have done. I am going back to Clarges Street.

Adieu!

Yours, &c.

JOHN TEMPLE.

LETTER XCVII.

To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

Clarges Street, January 5.

I AM afraid you knew very little of the ſex, my dear brother, when you cautioned me ſo ſtrongly againſt loving Mr. Temple:

Temple: I ſhould perhaps, with all his merit, have never thought of him but for that caution.

There is ſomething very intereſting to female curioſity in the idea of theſe very formidable men, whom no woman can ſee without danger; we gaze on the terrible creature at a diſtance, ſee nothing in him ſo very alarming; he approaches, our little hearts palpitate with fear, he is gentle, attentive, reſpectful; we are ſurprized at this reſpect, we are ſure the world wrongs the dear civil creature; he flatters, we are pleaſed with his flattery; our little hearts ſtill palpitate—but not with fear.

In ſhort, my dear brother, if you wiſh to ſerve a friend with us, deſcribe him as the moſt dangerous of his ſex; the very idea that he is ſo, makes us think reſiſtance vain, and we throw down our defenſive arms in abſolute deſpair.

I am not ſure this is the reaſon of my diſcovering Mr. Temple to be the moſt amiable of men; but of this I am certain, that I love him with the moſt lively affection, and that I am convinced, notwithſtanding all you have ſaid, that he deſerves all my tenderneſs.

Indeed, my dear prudent brother, you men fancy yourſelves extremely wiſe and penetrating; but you don't know each other half ſo well as we know you: I ſhall make Temple in a few weeks as tame a domeſtic animal as you can poſſibly be, even with your Emily.

I hope you won't be very angry with me for accepting an agreeable fellow, and a coach and ſix: if you are, I can only ſay, that finding the dear man ſteal every day upon my heart, and recollecting how very dangerous a creature he was,

"I held it both ſafeſt and beſt
"To marry, for fear you ſhould chide."

Adieu!

Your affectionate, &c.

LUCY RIVERS.

Pleaſe to obſerve, mamma was on Mr. Temple's ſide, and that I only take him from obedience to her commands. He has behaved like an angel to her; but I leave himſelf to explain how: ſhe has promiſed to live with us. We are going a party to Richmond, and only wait for Mr. Temple.

With all my pertneſs, I tremble at the idea that to-morrow will determine the happineſs or miſery of my life.

Adieu! my deareſt brother.

LETTER XCVIII.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 21.

WERE I convinced of your converſion, my dear Jack, I ſhould be the happieſt man breathing in the thought of your marrying my ſiſter; but I tremble leſt this reſolution ſhould be the effect of paſſion merely, and not of that ſettled eſteem and tender confidence, without which mutual repentance will be the neceſſary conſequence of your connexion.

Lucy is one of the moſt beautiful women I ever knew, but ſhe has merits of a much ſuperior kind; her underſtanding and her heart are equally lovely: ſhe has alſo a ſenſibility which exceedingly alarms me for her, as I know it is next to impoſ-

ſible

ſible that even her charms can fix a heart ſo long accuſtomed to change.

Do I not gueſs too truly, my dear Temple, when I ſuppoſe the charming miſtreſs is the only object you have in view; and that the tender amiable friend, the pleaſing companion, the faithful confidante, is forgot?

I will not however anticipate evils: if any merit has power to fix you, Lucy's cannot fail of doing it.

I expect with impatience a further account of an event in which my happineſs is ſo extremely intereſted.

If ſhe is yours, may you know her value, and you cannot fail of being happy: I only fear from your long habit of improper attachments; naturally, I know not a heart filled with nobler ſentiments than

than yours, nor is there on earth a man for whom I have equal eſteem. Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER XCIX.

To JOHN TEMPLE, Eſq; Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 23.

I HAVE received your ſecond letter, my dear Temple, with the account of your marriage.

Nothing could make me ſo happy as an event which unites a ſiſter I idolize to the friend on earth moſt dear to me, did I not tremble for your future happineſs, from my perfect knowledge of both.

I know the ſenſibility of Lucy's temper, and that ſhe loves you: I know alſo the difficulty of weaning the heart from ſuch a habit of inconſtancy as you have unhappily acquired.

Virtues like Lucy's will for ever command your eſteem and friendſhip; but in marriage it is equally neceſſary to keep love alive: her beauty, her gaiety, her delicacy, will do much; but it is alſo neceſſary, my deareſt Temple, that you keep a guard on your heart, accuſtomed to liberty, to give way to every light impreſſion.

I need not tell you, who have experienced the truth of what I ſay, that happineſs is not to be found in a life of intrigue; there is no real pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of beauty without the heart; with it, the fears, the anxieties, a man not abſolutely deſtitute of humanity muſt feel for the honor

honor of her who ventures more than life for him, muſt extremely counterbalance his tranſports.

Of all the ſituations this world affords, a marriage of choice gives the faireſt proſpect of happineſs; without love, life would be a taſteleſs void; an unconnected human being is the moſt wretched of all creatures: by love I would be underſtood to mean that tender, lively friendſhip, that mixed ſenſation, which the libertine never felt; and with which I flatter myſelf my amiable ſiſter cannot fail of inſpiring a heart naturally virtuous, however at preſent warped by a fooliſh compliance with the world.

I hope, my dear Temple, to ſee you recover your taſte for thoſe pleaſures peculiarly fitted to our natures; to ſee you enjoy the pure delights of peaceful domeſtic life, the calm ſocial evening hour, the circle of friends, the prattling offſpring, and

and the tender impaſſioned ſmile of real love.

Your generoſity is no more than I expected from your character; and to convince you of my perfect eſteem, I ſo far accept it, as to draw out the money I have in the funds, which I intended for my ſiſter: it will make my ſettlement here turn to greater advantage; and I allow you the pleaſure of convincing Lucy of the perfect diſintereſtedneſs of your affection: it would be a trifle to you, and will make me happy.

But I am more delicate in regard to my mother, and will never conſent to reſume the eſtate I have ſettled on her: I eſteem you above all mankind, but will not let *her* be dependent even on you: I conſent ſhe viſit you as often as ſhe pleaſes; but inſiſt on her continuing her houſe in town, and living in every reſpect as ſhe has been accuſtomed.

As

As to Lucy's own little fortune, as it is not worth your receiving, ſuppoſe ſhe lays it out in jewels? I love to ſee beauty adorned; and two thouſand pounds, added to what you have given her, will ſet her on a footing, in this reſpect, with a nabobeſs.

Your marriage, my dear Temple, removes the ſtrongeſt objection to mine; the money I have in the funds, which whilſt Lucy was unmarried I never would have taken, enables me to fix to great advantage here. I have now only to try whether Emily's friendſhip for me is ſufficiently ſtrong to give up all hopes of a return to England.

I ſhall make an immediate trial: you ſhall know the event in a few days. If ſhe refuſes me, I bid adieu to all my ſchemes, and embark in the firſt ſhip.

Give

Give my kindeſt, tendereſt wiſhes to my mother and ſiſter. My dear Temple, only know the value of the treaſure you poſſeſs, and you muſt be happy. Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER C.

To the Earl of ——.

Silleri, March 24.

My Lord,

NOTHING can be more juſt than your Lordſhip's obſervation; and I am the more pleaſed with it, as it coincides with what I had the honor of ſaying to you in my laſt, in regard to the impropriety, the cruelty, I had almoſt ſaid the injuſtice, of

of your intention of deſerting that world of which you are at once the ornament and the example.

Good people, as your Lordſhip obſerves, are generally too retired and abſtracted to let their example be of much ſervice to the world: whereas the bad, on the contrary, are conſpicuous to all; they ſtand forth, they appear on the fore ground of the picture, and force themſelves into obſervation.

'Tis to that circumſtance, I am perſuaded, we may attribute that dangerous and too common miſtake, that vice is natural to the human heart, and virtuous characters the creatures of fancy; a miſtake of the moſt fatal tendency, as it tends to harden our hearts, and deſtroy that mutual confidence ſo neceſſary to keep the bands of ſociety from looſening, and without which man is the moſt ferocious of all beaſts of prey.

Would

Would all thoſe, whoſe virtues, like your Lordſhip's, are adorned by politeneſs, and knowledge of the world, mix more in ſociety, we ſhould ſoon ſee vice hide her head: would all the good appear in full view, they would, I am convinced, be found infinitely the majority.

Virtue is too lovely to be hid in cells, the world is her ſcene of action: ſhe is ſoft, gentle, indulgent; let her appear, then, in her own form, and ſhe muſt charm: let politeneſs be for ever her attendant, that politeneſs which can give graces even to vice itſelf, which makes ſuperiority eaſy, removes the ſenſe of inferiority, and adds to every one's enjoyment both of himſelf and others.

I am interrupted, and muſt poſtpone till to-morrow what I have further to ſay

to

to your Lordſhip. I have the honor to be, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

W. FERMOR.

LETTER CI.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

Silleri, March 25.

YOUR brother, my dear Lucy, has made me happy in communicating to me the account he has received of your marriage. I know Temple; he is, beſides being very handſome, a fine, ſprightly, agreeable fellow; and is particularly formed to keep a woman's mind in that kind of play, that gentle agitation, which will for ever ſecure her affection.

He

He has, in my opinion, juſt as much coquetry as is neceſſary to prevent marriage from degenerating into that ſleepy kind of exiſtence, which, to minds of the awakened turn of yours and mine, would be inſupportable.

He has alſo a fine fortune, which I hold to be a pretty enough ingredient in marriage.

In ſhort, he is juſt ſuch a man, upon the whole, as I ſhould have choſe for myſelf.

Make my congratulations to the dear man, and tell him, if he is not the happieſt man in the world, he will forfeit all his pretenſions to taſte; and if he does not make you the happieſt woman, he forfeits all title to my favor, as well as to the favor of the whole ſex.

I meant

I meant to ſay ſomething civil; but, to tell you the truth, I am not *en train*; I am exceſſively out of humor: Fitzgerald has not been here of ſeveral days, but ſpends his whole time in gallanting Madame La Broſſe, a woman to whom he knows I have an averſion, and who has nothing but a tolerable complexion and a modeſt aſſurance to recommend her.

I certainly gave him ſome provocation, but this is too much: however, 'tis very well; I don't think I ſhall break my heart, though my vanity is a little piqued. I may perhaps live to take my revenge.

I am hurt, becauſe I began really to like the creature; a ſecret, however, to which he is happily a ſtranger. I ſhall ſee him to-morrow at the governor's, and ſuppoſe he will be in his penitentials: I have ſome doubt whether I ſhall let him dance with

with me; yet it would look ſo particular to refuſe him, that I believe I ſhall do him the honor.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

A. FERMOR.

26th, Thurſday, 11 at night.

No, Lucy, if I forgive him this, I have loſt all the free ſpirit of woman; he had the inſolence to dance with Madame La Broſſe to-night at the governor's. I never will forgive him. There are men perhaps quite his equals!—but 'tis no matter—I do him too much honor to be piqued—yet on the footing we were—I could not have believed—

Adieu!

I was ſo certain he would have danced with me, that I refuſed Colonel H—, one of the moſt agreeable men in the place, and therefore could not dance at all. Nothing hurt me ſo much as the impertinent looks of the women; I could cry for vexation.

Would your brother have behaved thus to Emily? but why do I name other men with your brother! do you know he and Emily had the good-nature to refuſe to dance, that my ſitting ſtill might be the leſs taken notice of? We all played at cards, and Rivers contrived to be of my party, by which he would have won Emily's heart if he had not had it before.

Good night.

LETTER CII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 2.

I HAVE been twice at Silleri with the intention of declaring my paſſion, and explaining my ſituation to Emily; but have been prevented by company, which made it impoſſible for me to find the opportunity I wiſhed.

Had I found that opportunity, I am not ſure I ſhould have made uſe of it; a degree of timidity is inſeparable from true tenderneſs; and I am afraid of declaring myſelf a lover, leſt, if not beloved, I ſhould loſe the happineſs I at preſent poſſeſs in viſiting her as her friend: I cannot give up the dear delight I find in ſeeing her, in hearing her voice, in tracing and admiring every ſentiment of that lovely unaffected generous mind as it riſes.

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In ſhort, my Lucy, I cannot live without her eſteem and friendſhip; and though her eyes, her attention to me, her whole manner, encourage me in the hope of being beloved, yet the poſſibility of my being miſtaken makes me dread an explanation by which I hazard loſing the lively pleaſure I find in her friendſhip.

This timidity however muſt be conquered; 'tis pardonable to feel it, but not to give way to it. I have ordered my carriole, and am determined to make my attack this very morning like a man of courage and a ſoldier.

Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

A letter

A letter from Bell Fermor, to whom I wrote this morning on the ſubject:

"To Colonel RIVERS, at Quebec.

Silleri, Friday morning.

"You are a fooliſh creature, and know "nothing of women. Dine at Silleri, and "we will air after dinner; 'tis a glorious "day, and if you are timid in a covered "carriole, I give you up.

"Adieu!

"Yours,

"A. FERMOR."

LETTER CIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 27, 11 at night.

SHE is an angel, my dear Lucy, and no words can do her juſtice: I am the happieſt of mankind; I painted my paſſion with all the moving eloquence of undiſſembled love; ſhe heard me with the moſt flattering attention; ſhe ſaid little, but her looks, her air, her tone of voice, her bluſhes, her very ſilence—how could I ever doubt her tenderneſs? have not thoſe lovely eyes a thouſand times betrayed the dear ſecret of her heart.

My Lucy, we were formed for each other; our ſouls are of intelligence; every thought, every idea—from the firſt moment I beheld her—I have a thouſand things to ſay, but the tumult of my joy—

ſhe

ſhe has given me leave to write to her; what has ſhe not ſaid in that permiſſion?

I cannot go to bed; I will go and walk an hour on the battery; 'tis the loveliеſt night I ever beheld, even in Canada: the day is ſcarce brighter.

One in the morning.

I have had the ſweeteſt walk imaginable: the moon ſhines with a ſplendor I never ſaw before; a thouſand ſtreaming meteors add to her brightneſs; I have ſtood gazing on the lovely planet, and delighting myſelf with the idea that 'tis the ſame moon that lights my Emily.

Good night, my Lucy! I love you beyond all expreſſion; I always loved you tenderly, but there is a ſoftneſs about my heart to-night—this lovely woman—

I know not what I would ſay, but till this night I could never be ſaid to live.

Adieu! Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Quebec, 28th March.

I HAD this morning a ſhort billet from her dear hand, entreating me to make up a quarrel between Bell Fermor and her lover: your friend has been indiſcreet; her ſpirit of coquetry is eternally carrying her wrong; but in my opinion Fitzgerald has been at leaſt equally to blame.

His behaviour at the governor's on Thurſday night was inexcuſable, as it expoſed her to the ſneers of a whole circle of her own ſex, many of them jealous of her perfections.

A lover

A lover ſhould overlook little caprices, where the heart is good and amiable like Bell's: I ſhould think myſelf particularly obliged to bring this affair to an amicable concluſion, even if Emily had not deſired it, as I was originally the innocent cauſe of their quarrel. In my opinion he ought to beg her pardon; and, as a friend tenderly intereſted for both, I have a right to tell him I think ſo: he loves her, and I know muſt ſuffer greatly, though a fooliſh pride prevents his acknowledging it.

My greateſt fear is, that an idle reſentment may engage him in an intrigue with the lady in queſtion, who is a woman of gallantry, and whom he may find very troubleſome hereafter. It is much eaſier to commence an affair of this kind than to break it off; and a man, though his heart was diſengaged, ſhould be always on his guard againſt any thing like an attachment where his affections are not really intereſted: mere paſſion or mere

vanity will ſupport an affair *en paſſant*; but, where the leaſt degree of conſtancy and attention are expected, the heart muſt feel, or the lover is ſubjecting himſelf to a ſlavery as irkſome as a marriage without inclination.

Temple will tell you I ſpeak like an oracle; for I have often ſeen him led by vanity into this very diſagreeable ſituation: I hope I am not too late to ſave Fitzgerald from it.

Six in the evening.

All goes well: his proud heart is come down, he has begged her pardon, and is forgiven; you have no idea how civil both are to me, for having perſuaded them to do what each of them has longed to do from the firſt moment. I love to adviſe, when I am ſure the heart of the perſon adviſed is on my ſide. Both were

to blame, but I always love to ſave the ladies from any thing mortifying to the dignity of their characters; a little pride in love becomes them, but not us; and 'tis always our part to ſubmit on theſe occaſions.

I never ſaw two happier people than they are at preſent, as I have a little preſerved decorum on both ſides, and taken the whole trouble of the reconciliation on myſelf. Bell knows nothing of my having applied to Fitzgerald, nor he that I did it at Emily's requeſt: my converſation with him on this ſubject ſeemed accidental. I was obliged to leave them, having buſineſs in town; but my lovely Emily thanked me by a ſmile which would overpay a thouſand ſuch little ſervices.

I am to ſpend to-morrow at Silleri: how long ſhall I think this evening?

Adieu! my tendereſt wiſhes attend you all!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, March 27, evening.

FITZGERALD has been here, and has begged my pardon; he declares he had no thought of diſpleaſing me at the governor's, but from my behaviour was afraid of importuning me if he addreſſed me as uſual.

I thought who would come to firſt; for my part, if he had ſtayed away for ever, I would not have ſuffered papa to invite him to Silleri: it was eaſy to ſee his neglect was all pique; it would have been extraordinary

nary indeed if ſuch a woman as Madame La Broſſe could have rivalled me: I am ſomething younger; and, if either my glaſs or the men are to be believed, as handſome: *entre nous*, there is ſome little difference; if ſhe was not ſo very fair, ſhe would be abſolutely ugly: and theſe very fair women, you know, Lucy, are always inſipid; ſhe is the taſte of no man breathing, though eternally making advances to every man; without ſpirit, fire, underſtanding, vivacity, or any quality capable of making amends for the mediocrity of her charms.

Her inſolence in attempting to attach Fitzgerald is intolerable, eſpecially when the whole province knows him to be my lover: there is no expreſſing to what a degree I hate her.

The next time we meet I hope to return her impertinence on Thurſday night at the governor's: I will never forgive

Fitzgerald if he takes the leaſt notice of her.

Emily has read my letter; and ſays ſhe did not think I had ſo much of the woman in me; inſiſts on my being civil to Madame La Broſſe, but if I am, Lucy—

Theſe Frenchwomen are not to be ſupported; they fancy vanity and aſſurance are to make up for the want of every other virtue; forgetting that delicacy, ſoftneſs, ſenſibility, tenderneſs, are attractions to which they are ſtrangers: ſome of them here are however tolerably handſome, and have a degree of livelineſs which makes them not quite inſupportable.

You will call all this ſpite, as Emily does, ſo I will ſay no more: only that, in order to ſhew her how very eaſy it is to be civil to a rival, I wiſh for the pleaſure of ſeeing another French lady, that I could mention, at Quebec.

Good

Good night, my dear! tell Temple, I am every thing but in love with him.

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

I will however own, I encouraged Fitzgerald by a kind look. I was ſo pleaſed at his return, that I could not keep up the farce of diſdain I had projected: in love affairs, I am afraid, we are all fools alike.

LETTER CVI.

To Miſs FERMOR.

Saturday noon.

COME to my dreſſing-room, my dear; I have a thouſand things to ſay to you: I want to talk of my Rivers, to tell you all the weakneſs of my ſoul.

No, my dear, I cannot love him more, a paſſion like mine will not admit addition; from the firſt moment I ſaw him my whole ſoul was his: I knew not that I was dear to him; but true genuine love is ſelf-exiſtent, and does not depend on being beloved: I ſhould have loved him even had he been attached to another.

This declaration has made me the happieſt of my ſex; but it has not increaſed, it could not increaſe, my tenderneſs: with

with what ſoftneſs, what diffidence, what reſpect, what delicacy, was this declaration made! my dear friend, he is a god, and my ardent affection for him is fully juſtified.

I love him—no words can ſpeak how much I love him.

My paſſion for him is the firſt and ſhall be the laſt of my life: my boſom never heaved a ſigh but for my Rivers.

Will you pardon the folly of a heart which till now was aſhamed to own its feelings, and of which you are even now the only confidante?

I find all the world ſo inſipid, nothing amuſes me one moment; in ſhort, I have no pleaſure but in Rivers's converſation, nor do I count the hours of his abſence in my exiſtence.

I know

I know all this will be called folly, but it is a folly which makes all the happineſs of my life.

You love, my dear Bell; and therefore will pardon the weakneſs of your

EMILY.

LETTER CVII.

To Miſs MONTAGUE.

Saturday.

YES, my dear, I love, at leaſt I think ſo; but, thanks to my ſtars, not in the manner you do.

I prefer Fitzgerald to all the reſt of his ſex; but *I count the hours of his abſence in my exiſtence*; and contrive ſometimes to paſs them pleaſantly enough, if any other agreeable

agreeable man is in the way: in ſhort, I reliſh flattery and attention from others, tho' I infinitely prefer them from him.

I certainly love him, for I was jealous of Madame La Broſſe; but, in general, I am not alarmed when I ſee him flirt a little with others. Perhaps my vanity was as much wounded as my love, with regard to Madame La Broſſe.

I find love is quite a different plant in different ſoils; it is an exotic, and grows faintly, with us coquets; but in its native climate with you people of ſenſibility and ſentiment.

Adieu! I will attend you in a quarter of an hour.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER CVIII.

To Miſs FERMOR.

NOT alarmed, my dear, at his attention to others? believe me, you know nothing of love.

I think every woman who beholds my Rivers a rival; I imagine I ſee in every female countenance a paſſion tender and lively as my own; I turn pale, my heart dies within me, if I obſerve his eyes a moment fixed on any other woman; I tremble at the poſſibility of his changing; I cannot ſupport the idea that the time may come when I may be leſs dear to my Rivers than at preſent. Do you believe it poſſible, my deareſt Bell, for any heart, not prepoſſeſſed, to be inſenſible one moment to my Rivers?

He

He is formed to charm the ſoul of woman; his delicacy, his ſenſibility, the mind that ſpeaks through thoſe eloquent eyes; the thouſand graces of his air, the ſound of his voice — my dear, I never heard him ſpeak without feeling a ſoftneſs of which it is impoſſible to convey an idea.

But I am wrong to encourage a tenderneſs which is already too great; I will think leſs of him; I will not talk of him; do not ſpeak of him to me, my dear Bell: talk to me of Fitzgerald; there is no danger of your paſſion becoming too violent.

I wiſh you loved more tenderly, my deareſt; you would then be more indulgent to my weakneſs: I am aſhamed of owning it even to you.

Aſhamed, did I ſay? no, I rather glory in loving the moſt amiable, the moſt angelic of mankind.

Speak

Speak of him to me for ever; I abhor all converſation of which he is not the ſubject. I am interrupted. Adieu!

Your faithful

EMILY.

My deareſt, I tremble; he is at the door; how ſhall I meet him without betraying all the weakneſs of my heart? come to me this moment, I will not go down without you. Your father is come to fetch me; follow me, I entreat: I cannot ſee him alone; my heart is too much ſoftened at this moment. He muſt not know to what exceſs he is beloved.

LET-

LETTER CIX.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Quebec, March 28.

I AM at preſent, my dear Lucy, extremely embarraſſed; Madame Des Roches is at Quebec: it is impoſſible for me not to be more than polite to her; yet my Emily has all my heart, and demands all my attention; there is but one way of ſeeing them both as often as I wiſh; 'tis to bring them as often as poſſible together: I wiſh extremely that Emily would viſit her, but 'tis a point of the utmoſt delicacy to manage.

Will it not, on reflection, be cruel to Madame Des Roches? I know her generoſity of mind, but I alſo know the weakneſs of the human heart: can ſhe ſee with pleaſure a beloved rival?

My

My Lucy, I never ſo much wanted your advice: I will conſult Bell Fermor, who knows every thought of my Emily's heart.

Eleven o'clock.

I have viſited Madame Des Roches at her relation's; ſhe received me with a pleaſure which was too viſible not to be obſerved by all preſent: ſhe bluſhed, her voice faltered when ſhe addreſſed me; her eyes had a ſoftneſs which ſeemed to reproach my inſenſibility: I was ſhocked at the idea of having inſpired her with a tenderneſs not in my power to return; I was afraid of increaſing that tenderneſs; I ſcarce dared to meet her looks.

I felt a criminal in the preſence of this amiable woman; for both our ſakes, I muſt ſee her ſeldom: yet what an appearance will my neglect have, after the attention ſhe has ſhewed me, and the friendſhip ſhe has expreſſed for me to all the world?

I know

I know not what to determine. I am going to Silleri. Adieu till my return.

Eight o'clock.

I have entreated Emily to admit Madame Des Roches among the number of her friends, and have aſked her to viſit her to-morrow morning: ſhe changed color at my requeſt, but promiſed to go.

I almoſt repent of what I have done: I am to attend Emily and Bell Fermor to Madame Des Roches in the morning: I am afraid I ſhall introduce them with a very bad grace. Adieu!

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CX.

To Miſs FERMOR.

Sunday morning.

COULD you have believed he would have expected ſuch a proof of my deſire to oblige him? but what can he aſk that his Emily will refuſe? I will ſee this *friend* of his, this Madame Des Roches; I will even love her, if it is in woman to be ſo diſintereſted. She loves him; he ſees her; they ſay ſhe is amiable; I could have wiſhed her viſit to Quebec had been delayed.

But he comes; he looks up; his eyes ſeem to thank me for this exceſs of complaiſance: what is there I would not do to give him pleaſure?

Do

Six o'clock.

Do you think her ſo very pleaſing, my dear Bell? ſhe has fine eyes, but have they not more fire than ſoftneſs? There was a vivacity in her manner which hurt me extremely: could ſhe have behaved with ſuch unconcern, had ſhe loved as I do?

Do you think it poſſible, Lucy, for a Frenchwoman to love? is not vanity the ruling paſſion of their hearts?

May not Rivers be deceived in ſuppoſing her ſo much attached to him? was there not ſome degree of affectation in her particular attention to me? I cannot help thinking her artful.

Perhaps I am prejudiced: ſhe may be amiable, but I will own ſhe does not pleaſe me.

Rivers begged me to have a friendſhip for her; I am afraid this is more than is in my power: friendſhip, like love, is the child of ſympathy, not of conſtraint.

Adieu! Yours,

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CXI.

To Miſs MONTAGUE.

Monday.

THE incloſed, my dear, is as much to you as to me, perhaps more; I pardon the lady for thinking you the handſomeſt. Is not this the ſtrongeſt proof I could give of my friendſhip? perhaps I ſhould have been piqued, however, had the

the preference been given by a man; but I can with great tranquillity allow you to be the woman's beauty.

Dictate an anſwer to your little Bell, who waits your commands at her bureau.

Adieu!

" To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Monday.

" You and your lovely friend obliged " me beyond words, my dear Bell, by " your viſit of yeſterday: Madame Des " Roches is charmed with you both: you " will not be diſpleaſed when I tell you " ſhe gives Emily the preference; ſhe ſays " ſhe is beautiful as an angel; that ſhe " ſhould think the man inſenſible, who " could ſee her without love; that ſhe is " *touchant*, to uſe her own word, beyond " any thing ſhe ever beheld.

" She however does juſtice to your " charms, though Emily's ſeem to affect " her moſt. She even allows you to be " perhaps more the taſte of men in gene- " ral.

" She intends paying her reſpects to " you and Emily this afternoon; and " has ſent to deſire me to conduct her. " As it is ſo far, I would wiſh to find you " at home.

" Yours,

" ED. RIVERS."

LETTER CXII.

To Miſs FERMOR.

ALWAYS Madame Des Roches! but let her come: indeed, my dear, ſhe is artful; ſhe gains upon him by this appearance of generoſity; I cannot return it, I do

I do not love her; yet I will receive her with politeneſs.

He is to drive her too; but 'tis no matter; if the tendereſt affection can ſecure his heart, I have nothing to fear: loving him as I do, it is impoſſible not to be apprehenſive: indeed, my dear, he knows not how I love him.

Adieu!

Your

EMILY.

LETTER CXIII.

To Miſs FERMOR.

Monday evening.

SURELY I am the weakeſt of my weak ſex; I am aſhamed to tell you all my feelings: I cannot conquer my diſlike to

Madame Des Roches: ſhe ſaid a thouſand obliging things to me, ſhe praiſed my Rivers; I made her no anſwer, I even felt tears ready to ſtart; what muſt ſhe think of me? there is a meanneſs in my jealouſy of her, which I cannot forgive myſelf.

I cannot account for her attention to me, it is not natural; ſhe behaved to me not only with politeneſs, but with the appearance of affection; ſhe ſeemed to feel and pity my confuſion. She is either the moſt artful, or the moſt noble of women.

Adieu!

Your

EMILY.

LETTER

LETTER CXII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Silleri, March 29.

WE are going to dine at a farm-houſe in the country, where we are to meet other company, and have a ball: the ſnow begins a little to ſoften, from the warmth of the ſun, which is greater than in England in May. Our winter parties are almoſt at an end.

My father drives Madame Des Roches, who is of our party, and your brother Emily; I hope the little fool will be eaſy now, Lucy; ſhe is very humble, to be jealous of one, who, though really very pleaſing, is neither ſo young nor ſo handſome as herſelf; and who profeſſes to wiſh only for Rivers's friendſhip.

But I have no right to ſay a word on this ſubject, after having been ſo extremely hurt at Fitzgerald's attention to ſuch a woman as Madame La Broſſe; an attention too which was ſo plainly meant to pique me.

We are all, I am afraid, a little abſurd in theſe affairs, and therefore ought to have ſome degree of indulgence for others.

Emily and I, however, differ in our ideas of love: it is the buſineſs of her life, the amuſement of mine; 'tis the food of her hours, the ſeaſoning of mine.

Or, in other words, ſhe loves like a fooliſh woman, I like a ſenſible man: for men, you know, compared to women, love in about the proportion of one to twenty.

'Tis a mighty wrong thing, after all, Lucy, that parents will educate creatures

ſo

ſo differently, who are to live with and for each other.

Every poſſible means is uſed, even from infancy, to ſoften the minds of women, and to harden thoſe of men; the contrary endeavor might be of uſe, for the men creatures are unfeeling enough by nature, and we are born too tremblingly alive to love, and indeed to every ſoft affection.

Your brother is almoſt the only one of his ſex I know, who has the tenderneſs of woman with the ſpirit and firmneſs of man: a circumſtance which ſtrikes every woman who converſes with him, and which contributes to make him the favorite he is amongſt us. Fooliſh women, who cannot diſtinguiſh characters, may poſſibly give the preference to a coxcomb; but I will venture to ſay, no woman of ſenſe was ever much acquainted with Colonel Rivers without

feeling for him an affection of ſome kind or other.

A propos to women, the eſtimable part of us are divided into two claſſes only, the tender and the lively.

The former, at the head of which I place Emily, are infinitely more capable of happineſs; but, to counterbalance this advantage, they are alſo capable of miſery in the ſame degree. We of the other claſs, who feel leſs keenly, are perhaps upon the whole as happy, at leaſt I would fain think ſo.

For example, if Emily and I marry our preſent lovers, ſhe will certainly be more exquiſitely happy than I ſhall; but if they ſhould change their minds, or any accident prevent our coming together, I am inclined to fancy my ſituation would be much the moſt agreeable.

I ſhould

I ſhould pout a month, and then look about for another lover; whilſt the tender Emily would

"Sit like Patience on a monument,"

and pine herſelf into a conſumption.

Adieu! They wait for me.

Yours,

A. FERMOR.

Tueſday, midnight.

We have had a very agreeable day, Lucy, a pretty enough kind of a ball, and every body in good humor: I danced with Fitzgerald, whom I never knew ſo agreeable.

Happy

Happy love is gay, I find; Emily is all ſprightlineſs, your brother's eyes have never left her one moment, and her bluſhes ſeemed to ſhew her ſenſe of the diſtinction; I never knew her look ſo handſome as this day.

Do you know I felt for Madame Des Roches? Emily was exceſſively complaiſant to her: ſhe returned her civility, but I could perceive a kind of conſtraint in her manner, very different from the eaſe of her behaviour when we ſaw her before: ſhe felt the attention of Rivers to Emily very ſtrongly: in ſhort, the ladies ſeemed to have changed characters for the day.

We ſupped with your brother on our return, and from his windows, which look on the river St. Charles, had the pleaſure of obſerving one of the moſt beautiful objects imaginable, which I never

never remember to have ſeen before this evening.

You are to obſerve, the winter method of fiſhing here, is to break openings like ſmall fiſh-ponds on the ice, to which the fiſh coming for air, are taken in prodigious quantities on the ſurface.

To ſhelter themſelves from the exceſſive cold of the night, the fiſhermen build ſmall houſes of ice on the river, which are arranged in a ſemicircular form, and extend near a quarter of a mile, and which, from the blazing fires within, have a brilliant tranſparency and vivid luſtre, not eaſy either to imagine or to deſcribe: the ſtarry ſemicircle looks like an immenſe creſcent of diamonds, on which the ſun darts his meridian rays.

Abſolutely, Lucy, you ſee nothing in Europe: you are cultivated, you have the tame beauties of art; but to ſee nature

ture in her lovely wild luxuriance, you muſt viſit your brother when he is prince of the Kamaraſkas.

Adieu!

Your faithful

A. FERMOR.

The variety, as well of grand objects, as of amuſements, in this country, confirms me in an opinion I have always had, that Providence had made the conveniences and inconveniences of life nearly equal every where.

We have pleaſures here even in winter peculiar to the climate, which counterbalance the evils we ſuffer from its rigor.

Good night, my dear Lucy!

LET-

LETTER CXIII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Quebec, April 2.

I HAVE this moment, my dear, a letter from Montreal, deſcribing ſome lands on Lake Champlain, which my friend thinks much better worth my taking than thoſe near the Kamaraſkas: he preſſes me to come up immediately to ſee them, as the ice on the rivers will in a few days be dangerous to travel on.

I am ſtrongly inclined to go, and for this reaſon; I am convinced my wiſh of bringing about a friendſhip between Emily and Madame Des Roches, the ſtrongeſt reaſon I had for fixing at the Kamaraſkas,

Kamaraſkas, was an imprudent one: gratitude and (if the expreſſion is not impertinent) compaſſion give me a ſoftneſs in my behaviour to the latter, which a ſuperficial obſerver would take for love, and which her own tenderneſs may cauſe even her to miſconſtrue; a circumſtance which muſt retard her reſolution of changing the affection with which ſhe has honored me, into friendſhip.

I am alſo delicate in my love, and cannot bear to have it one moment ſuppoſed, my heart can know a wiſh but for my Emily.

Shall I ſay more? The bluſh on Emily's cheek, on her firſt ſeeing Madame Des Roches, convinced me of my indiſcretion, and that vanity alone carried me to deſire to bring together two women, whoſe affection for me is, from their extreme merit, ſo very flattering.

I ſhall certainly now fix in Canada; I can no longer doubt of Emily's tenderneſs, tho' ſhe refuſes me her hand, from motives which make her a thouſand times more dear to me, but which I flatter myſelf love will over-rule.

I am ſetting off in an hour for Montreal, and ſhall call at Silleri to take Emily's commands.

Seven in the evening, Des Chambeaux.

I aſked her advice as to fixing the place of my ſettlement; ſhe ſaid much againſt my ſtaying in America at all; but, if I was determined, recommended Lake Champlain rather than the Kamaraſkas, on account of climate. Bell ſmiled; and a bluſh, which I perfectly underſtood, overſpread the lovely cheek of my ſweet Emily. Nothing could be more flattering than this circumſtance; had ſhe ſeen Madame Des Roches with a calm indifference,

ference, had ſhe not been alarmed at the idea of fixing near her, I ſhould have doubted of the degree of her affection; a little apprehenſion is inſeparable from real love.

My courage has been to-day extremely put to the proof: had I ſtaid three days longer, it would have been impoſſible to have continued my journey.

The ice cracks under us at every ſtep the horſes ſet, a rather unpleaſant circumſtance on a river twenty fathom deep: I ſhould not have attempted the journey had I been aware of this particular. I hope no man meets inevitable danger with more ſpirit, but no man is leſs fond of ſeeking it where it is honorably to be avoided.

I am going to ſup with the ſeigneur of the village, who is, I am told, married to one of the handſomeſt women in the province.

Adieu!

Adieu! my dear! I ſhall write to you from Montreal.

Your affectionate

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CXIV.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall Mall.

Montreal, April 3.

I AM arrived, my dear, after a very diſagreeable and dangerous journey; I was obliged to leave the river ſoon after I left Des Chambeaux, and to purſue my way on the land over melting ſnow, into which the horſes feet ſunk half a yard every ſtep.

An officer juſt come from New York has given me a letter from you, which came

came thither by a private ſhip: I am happy to hear of your health, and that Temple's affection for you ſeems rather to increaſe than leſſen ſince your marriage.

You aſk me, my dear Lucy, how to preſerve this affection, on the continuance of which, you juſtly ſay, your whole happineſs depends.

The queſtion is perhaps the moſt delicate and important which reſpects human life; the caprice, the inconſtancy, the injuſtice of men, makes the taſk of women in marriage infinitely difficult.

Prudence and virtue will certainly ſecure eſteem; but unfortunately, eſteem alone will not make a happy marriage; paſſion muſt alſo be kept alive, which the continual preſence of the object beloved is too apt to make ſubſide into that apathy, ſo inſupportable to ſenſible minds.

The higher your rank, and the leſs your manner of life ſeparates you from each other, the more danger there will be of this indifference.

The poor, whoſe neceſſary avocations divide them all day, and whoſe ſenſibility is blunted by the coarſeneſs of their education, are in no danger of being weary of each other; and, unleſs naturally vicious, you will ſee them generally happy in marriage; whereas even the virtuous, in more affluent ſituations, are not ſecure from this unhappy ceſſation of tenderneſs.

When I received your letter, I was reading Madame De Maintenon's advice to the Ducheſs of Burgundy, on this ſubject. I will tranſcribe ſo much of it as relates to *the woman*, leaving her adviſe to *the princeſs* to thoſe whom it may concern.

" Do not hope for perfect happineſs;
" there is no ſuch thing in this ſublunary
" ſtate.

" Your ſex is the more expoſed to ſuf-
" fer, becauſe it is always in depen-
" dence: be neither angry nor aſhamed
" of this dependence on a huſband, nor
" of any of thoſe which are in the order
" of Providence.

" Let your huſband be your beſt friend
" and your only confidant.

" Do not hope that your union will
" procure you perfect peace: the beſt
" marriages are thoſe where with ſoft-
" neſs and patience they bear by turns
" with each other; there are none
" without ſome contradiction and diſ-
" agreement.

" Do not expect the ſame degree of
" friendſhip that you feel; men are in
" general

" general leſs tender than women; and
" you will be unhappy if you are too de-
" licate in friendſhip.

" Beg of God to guard your heart
" from jealouſy: do not hope to bring
" back a huſband by complaints, ill hu-
" mor, and reproaches. The only means
" which promiſe ſucceſs, are patience and
" ſoftneſs: impatience ſours and alienates
" hearts: ſoftneſs leads them back to their
" duty.

" In ſacrificing your own will, pretend
" to no right over that of a huſband:
" men are more attached to theirs than
" women, becauſe educated with leſs con-
" ſtraint.

" They are naturally tyrannical; they
" will have pleaſures and liberty, yet
" inſiſt that women renounce both: do
" not examine whether their rights are
" well founded; let it ſuffice to you,
" that they are eſtabliſhed; they are

" maſters, we have only to ſuffer and obey
" with a good grace."

Thus far Madame De Maintenon, who muſt be allowed to have known the heart of man, ſince, after having been above twenty years a widow, ſhe enflamed, even to the degree of bringing him to marry her, that of a great monarch, younger than herſelf, ſurrounded by Beauties, habituated to flattery, in the plenitude of power, and covered with glory; and retained him in her chains to the laſt moments of his life.

Do not, however, my dear, be alarmed at the picture ſhe has drawn of marriage; nor fancy with her, that women are only born to ſuffer and to obey.

That we are generally tyrannical, I am obliged to own; but ſuch of us as know how to be happy, willingly give up the harſh title of Maſter, for the more

tender and endearing one of Friend: Men of ſenſe abhor thoſe cuſtoms which treat your ſex as if created merely for the happineſs of the other; a ſuppoſition injurious to the Deity, though flattering to our tyranny and ſelf-love; and wiſh only to bind you in the ſoft chains of affection.

Equality is the ſoul of friendſhip: marriage, to give delight, muſt join two minds, not devote a ſlave to the will of an imperious lord; whatever conveys the idea of ſubjection neceſſarily deſtroys that of love, of which I am ſo convinced, that I have always wiſhed the word OBEY expunged from the marriage ceremony.

If you will permit me to add my ſentiments to thoſe of a lady ſo learned in the art of pleaſing; I would wiſh you to ſtudy the taſte of your huſband, and endeavor to acquire a reliſh for thoſe pleaſures which appear moſt to affect him:

let him find amuſement at home, but never be peeviſh at his going abroad; he will return to you with the higher guſt for your converſation: have ſeparate apartments, ſince your fortune makes it not inconvenient; be always elegant, but not too expenſive, in your dreſs; retain your preſent exquiſite delicacy of every kind; receive his friends with good-breeding and complacency; contrive ſuch little parties of pleaſure as you know are agreeable to him, and with the moſt agreeable people you can ſelect: be lively even to playfulneſs in your general turn of converſation with him; but, at the ſame time, ſpare no pains ſo to improve your underſtanding, which is an excellent one, as to be no leſs capable of being the companion of his graver hours: be ignorant of nothing which it becomes your ſex to know, but avoid all affectation of knowledge: let your œconomy be exact, but without appearing otherwiſe than by the effect.

Do not imitate thoſe of your ſex who by ill temper make a huſband pay dear for their fidelity; let virtue in you be dreſt in ſmiles; and be aſſured that chearfulneſs is the native garb of innocence.

In one word, my dear, do not loſe the miſtreſs in the wife, but let your behaviour to him as a huſband be ſuch as you would have thought moſt proper to attract him as a lover: have always the idea of pleaſing before you, and you cannot fail to pleaſe.

Having lectured you, my dear Lucy, I muſt ſay a word to Temple: a great variety of rules have been given for the conduct of women in marriage; ſcarce any for that of men; as if it was not eſſential to domeſtic happineſs, that the man ſhould preſerve the heart of her with whom he is to ſpend his life; or as if beſtowing happineſs were not worth a man's attention, ſo he poſſeſſed it: if,

however, it is poſſible to feel true happineſs without giving it.

You, my dear Temple, have too juſt an idea of pleaſure to think in this manner: you would be beloved; it has been the purſuit of your life, though never really attained perhaps before. You at preſent poſſeſs a heart full of ſenſibility, a heart capable of loving with ardor, and from the ſame cauſe as capable of being eſtranged by neglect: give your whole attention to preſerving this invaluable treaſure; obſerve every rule I have given to her, if you would be happy; and believe me, the heart of woman is not leſs delicate than tender; their ſenſibility is more keen, they feel more ſtrongly than we do, their tenderneſs is more eaſily wounded, and their hearts are more difficult to recover if once loſt.

At the ſame time, they are both by nature and education more conſtant,

and

and ſcarce ever change the object of their affections but from ill treatment: for which reaſon there is ſome excuſe for a cuſtom which appears cruel, that of throwing contempt on the huſband for the ill conduct of the wife.

Above all things, retain the politeneſs and attention of a lover; and avoid that careleſs manner which wounds the vanity of human nature, a paſſion given us, as were all paſſions, for the wiſeſt ends, and which never quits us but with life.

There is a certain attentive tenderneſs, difficult to be deſcribed, which the manly of our ſex feel, and which is peculiarly pleaſing to woman: 'tis alſo a very delightful ſenſation to ourſelves, as well as productive of the happieſt conſequences: regarding them as creatures placed by Providence under our protection, and depending on

us for their happineſs, is the ſtrongeſt poſſible tie of affection to a well-turned mind.

If I did not know Lucy perfectly, I ſhould perhaps heſitate in the next advice I am going to give you; which is, to make her the confidante, and the *only* confidante, of your gallantries, if you are ſo unhappy as to be inadvertently betrayed into any: her heart will poſſibly be at firſt a little wounded by the confeſſion, but this proof of perfect eſteem will increaſe her friendſhip for you; ſhe will regard your error with compaſſion and indulgence, and lead you gently back, by her endearing tenderneſs, to honor and herſelf.

Of all taſks I deteſt that of giving advice: you are therefore under infinite obligation to me for this letter.

Be

Be aſſured of my tendereſt affection; and believe me

Yours, &c.

ED. RIVERS.

LETTER CXV.

To the Earl of ——.

Silleri, April 8.

NOTHING can be more true, my Lord, than that poverty is ever the inſeparable companion of indolence.

I ſee proofs of it every moment before me; with a ſoil fruitful beyond all belief, the Canadians are poor on lands which are their own property, and for

which they pay only a trifling quit-rent to their ſeigneurs.

This indolence appears in every thing: you ſcarce ſee the meaneſt peaſant walking; even riding on horſeback appears to them a fatigue inſupportable; you ſee them lolling at eaſe, like their lazy lords, in carrioles and calaſhes, according to the ſeaſon; a boy to guide the horſe on a ſeat in the front of the carriage, too lazy even to take the trouble of driving themſelves; their hands in winter folded in an immenſe muff, though perhaps their families are in want of bread to eat at home.

The winter is paſſed in a mixture of feſtivity and inaction; dancing and feaſting in their gayer hours; in their graver, ſmoking, and drinking brandy, by the ſide of a warm ſtove: and when obliged to cultivate the ground in ſpring, to procure the means of ſubſiſtence, you ſee them juſt turn the turf once lightly over,

and,

and, without manuring the ground, or even breaking the clods of earth, throw in the ſeed in the ſame careleſs manner, and leave the event to chance, without troubling themſelves further till it is fit to reap.

I muſt, however, obſerve, as ſome alleviation, that there is ſomething in the climate which ſtrongly inclines both the body and mind, but rather the latter, to indolence: the heat of the ſummer, though pleaſing, enervates the very ſoul, and gives a certain laſſitude unfavorable to induſtry; and the winter, at its extreme, binds up and chills all the active faculties of the ſoul.

Add to this, that the general ſpirit of amuſement, ſo univerſal here in winter, and ſo neceſſary to prevent the ill effects of the ſeaſon, gives a habit of diſſipation and pleaſure, which makes labor doubly irkſome at its return.

Their religion, to which they are extremely bigoted, is another great bar, as well to induſtry as population: their numerous feſtivals inure them to idleneſs; their religious houſes rob the ſtate of many ſubjects who might be highly uſeful at preſent, and at the ſame time retard the increaſe of the colony.

Sloth and ſuperſtition equally counterwork providence, and render the bounty of Heaven of no effect.

I am ſurprized the French, who generally make their religion ſubſervient to the purpoſes of policy, do not diſcourage convents, and leſſen the number of feſtivals, in the colonies, where both are ſo peculiarly pernicious.

It is to this circumſtance one may in great meaſure attribute the ſuperior increaſe of the Britiſh American ſettlements compared to thoſe of France: a religion which encourages idleneſs, and makes a virtue

a virtue of celibacy is particularly unfavorable to colonization.

However religious prejudice may have been ſuffered to counterwork policy under a French government, it is ſcarce to be doubted that this cauſe of the poverty of Canada will by degrees be removed; that theſe people, ſlaves at preſent to ignorance and ſuperſtition, will in time be enlightened by a more liberal education, and gently led by reaſon to a religion which is not only preferable, as being that of the country to which they are now annexed, but which is ſo much more calculated to make them happy and proſperous as a people.

Till that time, till their prejudices ſubſide, it is equally juſt, humane, and wiſe, to leave them the free right of worſhipping the Deity in the manner which they have been early taught to believe the beſt, and to which they are conſequently attached.

It would be unjuſt to deprive them of any of the rights of citizens on account of religion, in America, where every other ſect of diſſenters are equally capable of employ with thoſe of the eſtabliſhed church; nay where, from whatever cauſe, the church of England is on a footing in many colonies little better than a toleration.

It is undoubtedly, in a political light, an object of conſequence every where, that the national religion, whatever it is, ſhould be as univerſal as poſſible, agreement in religious worſhip being the ſtrongeſt tie to unity and obedience: had all prudent means been uſed to leſſen the number of diſſenters in our colonies, I cannot avoid believing, from what I obſerve and hear, that we ſhould have found in them a ſpirit of rational loyalty, and true freedom, inſtead of that factious one from which ſo much is to be apprehended.

It ſeems conſonant to reaſon, that the religion of every country ſhould have a relation to, and coherence with, the civil conſtitution: the Romiſh religion is beſt adapted to a deſpotic government, the preſbyterian to a republican, and that of the church of England to a limited monarchy like ours.

As therefore the civil government of America is on the ſame plan with that of the mother country, it were to be wiſhed the religious eſtabliſhment was alſo the ſame, eſpecially in thoſe colonies where the people are generally of the national church; though with the fulleſt liberty of conſcience to diſſenters of all denominations.

I would be clearly underſtood, my Lord; from all I have obſerved here, I am convinced nothing would ſo much contribute to diffuſe a ſpirit of order, and rational obedience, in the colonies, as the appointment, under proper reſtrictions, of biſhops:

biſhops: I am equally convinced that nothing would ſo much ſtrengthen the hands of government, or give ſuch pleaſure to the well-affected in the colonies, who are by much the moſt numerous, as ſuch an appointment, however clamored againſt by a few abettors of ſedition.

I am called upon for this letter, and muſt remit to another time what I wiſhed to ſay more to your Lordſhip in regard to this country.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord, &c.

WM. FERMOR.

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

To Mrs. MELMOTH, at Montreal.

Silleri, April 8.

I AM indeed, Madam, this inconſiſtent creature. I have at once refuſed to marry Colonel Rivers, and owned to him all the tenderneſs of my ſoul.

Do not however think me mad, or ſuppoſe my refuſal the effect of an unmeaning childiſh affectation of diſintereſtedneſs: I can form to myſelf no idea of happineſs equal to that of ſpending my life with Rivers, the beſt, the moſt tender, the moſt amiable of mankind; nor can I ſupport the idea of his marrying any other woman: I would therefore marry him to-morrow were it poſſible without ruining him, without dooming him

him to a perpetual exile, and obſtructing thoſe views of honeſt ambition at home, which become his birth, his connexions, his talents, his time of life; and with which, as his friend, it is my duty to inſpire him.

His affection for me at preſent blinds him, he ſees no object but me in the whole univerſe; but ſhall I take advantage of that inebriation of tenderneſs, to ſeduce him into a meaſure inconſiſtent with his real happineſs and intereſt? He muſt return to England, muſt purſue fortune in that world for which he was formed: ſhall his Emily retard him in the glorious race? ſhall ſhe not rather encourage him in every laudable attempt? ſhall ſhe ſuffer him to hide that ſhining merit in the uncultivated wilds of Canada, the ſeat of barbariſm and ignorance, which entitles him to hope a happy fate in the dear land of arts and arms?

I en-

I entreat you to do all you can to diſcourage his deſign. Remind him that his ſiſter's marriage has in ſome degree removed the cauſe of his coming hither; that he can have now no motive for fixing here, but his tenderneſs for me; that I ſhall be juſtly blamed by all who love him for keeping him here. Tell him, I will not marry him in Canada; that his ſtay makes the beſt mother in the world wretched; that he owes his return to himſelf, nay to his Emily, whoſe whole heart is ſet on ſeeing him in a ſituation worthy of him: though without ambition as to myſelf, I am proud, I am ambitious for him; if he loves me, he will gratify that pride, that ambition; and leave Canada to thoſe whoſe duty confines them here, or whoſe intereſt it is to remain unſeen. Let him not once think of me in his determination: I am content to be beloved, and will leave all elſe to time. You cannot ſo much oblige or ſerve me, as by perſuading

ſuading Colonel Rivers to return to England.

Believe me, my dear Madam,

Your affectionate

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CXVII.

To Mrs. TEMPLE, Pall-Mall.

Silleri, April 9.

YOUR brother, my dear, is gone to Montreal to look out for a ſettlement, and Emily to ſpend a fortnight at Quebec, with a lady ſhe knew in England, who is lately arrived from thence by New York.

I am

I am loſt without my friend, though my lover endeavors in ſome degree to ſupply her place; he lays cloſe ſiege; I know not how long I ſhall be able to hold out: this fine weather is exceedingly in his favor; the winter freezes up all the avenues to the heart; but this ſprightly April ſun thaws them again amazingly. I was the cruelleſt creature breathing whilſt the chilly ſeaſon laſted, but can anſwer for nothing now the ſprightly May is approaching.

I can ſee papa is vaſtly in Fitzgerald's intereſt; but he knows our ſex well enough to keep this to himſelf.

I ſhall, however, for decency's ſake, aſk his opinion on the affair as ſoon as I have taken my reſolution; which is the very time at which all the world aſk advice of their friends.

A letter from Emily, which I muſt anſwer: ſhe is extremely abſurd, which your tender lovers always are.

Adieu! yours,

A. FERMOR.

Sir George Clayton had left Montreal ſome days before your brother arrived there; I was pleaſed to hear it, becauſe, with all your brother's good ſenſe, and concern for Emily's honor, and Sir George's natural coldneſs of temper, a quarrel between them would have been rather difficult to have been avoided.

LETTER

LETTER CXVIII.

To Miſs FERMOR.

Quebec, Thurſday morning.

DO you think, my dear, that Madame Des Roches has heard from Rivers? I wiſh you would aſk her this afternoon at the governor's: I am anxious to know, but aſhamed to enquire.

Not, my dear, that I have the weakneſs to be jealous; but I ſhall think his letter to me a higher compliment, if I know he writes to nobody elſe. I extremely approve his friendſhip for Madame Des Roches; ſhe is very amiable, and certainly deſerves it: but you know, Bell, it would be cruel to encourage an affection, which ſhe muſt conquer, or be unhappy: if ſhe did not love him, there would be nothing wrong

in

in his writing to her; but, as ſhe does, it would be doing her the greateſt injury poſſible: 'tis as much on her account as my own I am thus anxious.

Did you ever read ſo tender, yet ſo lively a letter as Rivers's to me? he is alike in all: there is in his letters, as in his converſation,

"All that can ſoftly win, or gaily charm
"The heart of woman."

Even ſtrangers liſten to him with an involuntary attention, and hear him with a pleaſure for which they ſcarce know how to account.

He charms even without intending it, and in ſpite of himſelf; but when he wiſhes to pleaſe, when he addreſſes the woman he loves, when his eyes ſpeak the ſoft language of his heart, when your

Emily

Emily reads in them the dear confeſſion of his tenderneſs, when that melodious voice utters the ſentiments of the nobleſt mind that ever animated a human form— My deareſt, the eloquence of angels cannot paint my Rivers as he is.

I am almoſt inclined not to go to the governor's to-night; I am determined not to dance till Rivers returns, and I know there are too many who will be ready to make obſervations on my refuſal: I think I will ſtay at home, and write to him againſt Monday's poſt: I have a thouſand things to ſay, and you know we are continually interrupted at Quebec; I ſhall have this evening to myſelf, as all the world will be at the governor's.

Adieu! Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CXIX.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

Silleri, Thurſday morning.

I DARE ſay, my dear, Madame Des Roches has not heard from Rivers; but ſuppoſe ſhe had. If he loves you, of what conſequence is it to whom he writes? I would not for the world any friend of yours ſhould aſk her ſuch a queſtion.

I ſhall call upon you at ſix o'clock, and ſhall expect to find you determined to go to the governor's this evening, and to dance: Fitzgerald begs the honor of being your partner.

Believe me, Emily, theſe kind of unmeaning ſacrifices are childiſh; your heart is new to love, and you have all the romance of a girl: Rivers would, on your

account,

account, be hurt to hear you had refuſed to dance in his abſence, though he might be flattered to know you had for a moment entertained ſuch an idea.

I pardon you for having the romantic fancies of ſeventeen, provided you correct them with the good ſenſe of four-and-twenty.

Adieu! I have engaged myſelf to Colonel H——, on the preſumption that you are too polite to refuſe to dance with Fitzgerald, and too prudent to refuſe to dance at all.

Your affectionate

A. FERMOR.

LETTER CXX.

To Miſs FERMOR, at Silleri.

Quebec, Saturday morning.

HOW unjuſt have I been in my hatred of Madame Des Roches! ſhe ſpent yeſterday with us, and after dinner deſired to converſe with me an hour in my apartment, where ſhe opened to me all her heart on the ſubject of her love for Rivers.

She is the nobleſt and moſt amiable of women, and I have been, in regard to her, the moſt capricious and unjuſt: my hatred of her was unworthy my character; I bluſh to own the meanneſs of my ſentiments, whilſt I admire the generoſity of hers.

Why,

Why, my dear, ſhould I have hated her? ſhe was unhappy, and deſerved rather my compaſſion: I had deprived her of all hope of being beloved, it was too much to wiſh to deprive her alſo of his converſation. I knew myſelf the only object of Rivers's love; why then ſhould I have envied her his friendſhip? ſhe had the ſtrongeſt reaſon to hate me, but I ſhould have loved and pitied her.

Can there be a misfortune equal to that of loving Rivers without hope of a return? Yet ſhe has not only borne this misfortune without complaint, but has been the confidante of his paſſion for another; he owned to her all his tenderneſs for me, and drew a picture of me, "which, ſhe told me, ought, had ſhe liſtened to reaſon, to have deſtroyed even the ſhadow of hope: but that love, ever ready to flatter and deceive, had betrayed her into the weakneſs of ſuppoſing it poſſible I might refuſe him,

and that gratitude might, in that caſe, touch his heart with tenderneſs for one who loved him with the moſt pure and diſintereſted affection; that her journey to Quebec had removed the veil love had placed between her and truth; that ſhe was now convinced the faint hope ſhe had encouraged was madneſs, and that our ſouls were formed for each other.

She owned ſhe ſtill loved him with the moſt lively affection; yet aſſured me, ſince ſhe was not allowed to make the moſt amiable of mankind happy herſelf, ſhe wiſhed him to be ſo with the woman on earth ſhe thought moſt worthy of him.

She added, that ſhe had on firſt ſeeing me, though ſhe thought me worthy his heart, felt an impulſe of diſlike which ſhe was aſhamed to own, even now that reaſon and reflexion had conquered ſo unworthy a ſentiment; that Rivers's complaiſance

complaiſance had a little diſſipated her chagrin, and enabled her to behave to me in the manner ſhe did: that ſhe had, however, almoſt hated me at the ball in the country: that the tenderneſs in Rivers's eyes that day whenever they met mine, and his comparative inattention to her, had wounded her to the ſoul.

That this preference had, however, been ſalutary, though painful; ſince it had determin'd her to conquer a paſſion, which could only make her life wretched if it continued; that, as the firſt ſtep to this conqueſt, ſhe had reſolved to ſee him no more: that ſhe would return to her houſe the moment ſhe could croſs the river with ſafety; and conjured me, for her ſake, to perſuade him to give up all thoughts of a ſettlement near her: that ſhe could not anſwer for her own heart if ſhe continued to ſee him; that ſhe believed in love there was no ſafety but in flight.

That his abſence had given her time to think coolly; and that ſhe now ſaw ſo ſtrongly the amiableneſs of my character, and was ſo convinced of my perfect tenderneſs for him, that ſhe ſhould hate herſelf were ſhe capable of wiſhing to interrupt our happineſs.

That ſhe hoped I would pardon her retaining a tender remembrance of a man who, had he never ſeen me, might have returned her affection; that ſhe thought ſo highly of my heart, as to believe I could not hate a woman who eſteemed me, and who ſolicited my friendſhip, though a happy rival."

I was touched, even to tears, at her behaviour: we embraced; and, if I k ow my own weak fooliſh heart, I love her.

She talks of leaving Quebec before Rivers's return; ſhe ſaid, her coming was an imprudence which only love could

could excuſe; and that ſhe had no motive for her journey but the deſire of ſeeing him, which was ſo lively as to hurry her into an indiſcretion of which ſhe was afraid the world took but too much notice. What openneſs, what ſincerity, what generoſity, was there in all ſhe ſaid!

How ſuperior, my dear, is her character to mine! I bluſh for myſelf on the compariſon; I am ſhocked to ſee how much ſhe ſoars above me: how is it poſſible Rivers ſhould not have preferred her to me? Yet this is the woman I fancied incapable of any paſſion but vanity.

I am ſure, my dear Bell, I am not naturally envious of the merit of others; but my exceſs of love for Rivers makes me apprehenſive of every woman who can poſſibly rival me in his tenderneſs.

I was hurt at Madame Des Roches's uncommon merit; I ſaw with pain the amiable qualities of her mind; I could ſcarce even allow her perſon to be pleaſing: but this injuſtice is not that of my natural temper, but of love.

She is certainly right, my dear, to ſee him no more; I applaud, I admire her reſolution: do you think, however, ſhe would purſue it if ſhe loved as I do? ſhe has perhaps loved before, and her heart has loſt ſomething of its native trembling ſenſibility.

I wiſh my heart felt her merit as ſtrongly as my reaſon: I eſteem, I admire, I even love her at preſent; but I am convinced Rivers's return while ſhe continues here would weaken theſe ſentiments of affection: the leaſt appearance of preference, even for a moment, would make me relapſe into my former weakneſs. I adore, I idolize her character; but I can-

I cannot ſincerely wiſh to cultivate her friendſhip.

Let me ſee you this afternoon at Quebec; I am told the roads will not be paſſable for carrioles above three days longer: let me therefore ſee you as often as I can before we are abſolutely ſhut from each other.

Adieu! my dear!

Your faithful

EMILY MONTAGUE.

LETTER CXXI.

To the Earl of ——.

Silleri, April 14.

ENGLAND, however populous, is undoubtedly, my Lord, too ſmall to afford very large ſupplies of people to her colonies: and her people are alſo too uſeful, and of too much value, to be ſuffered to emigrate, if they can be prevented, whilſt there is ſufficient employment for them at home.

It is not only our intereſt to have colonies; they are not only neceſſary to our commerce, and our greateſt and ſureſt ſources of wealth, but our very being as a powerful commercial nation depends on them: it is therefore an object of all others moſt worthy our attention, that

they ſhould be as flouriſhing and populous as poſſible.

It is however equally our intereſt to ſupport them at as little expence of our own inhabitants as poſſible: I therefore look on the acquiſition of ſuch a number of ſubjects as we found in Canada, to be a much ſuperior advantage to that of gaining ten times the immenſe tract of land ceded to us, if uncultivated and deſtitute of inhabitants.

But it is not only contrary to our intereſt to ſpare many of our own people as ſettlers in America; it muſt alſo be conſidered, that, if we could ſpare them, the Engliſh are the worſt ſettlers on new lands in the univerſe.

Their attachment to their native country, eſpecially amongſt the lower ranks of people, is ſo very ſtrong, that few of the

the honeſt and induſtrious can be prevailed on to leave it; thoſe therefore who go, are generally the diſſolute and the idle, who are of no uſe any where

The Engliſh are alſo, though induſtrious, active, and enterprizing, ill fitted to bear the hardſhips, and ſubmit to the wants, which inevitably attend an infant ſettlement even on the moſt fruitful lands.

The Germans, on the contrary, with the ſame uſeful qualities, have a patience, a perſeverance, an abſtinence, which peculiarly fit them for the cultivation of new countries; too great encouragement therefore cannot be given to them to ſettle in our colonies: they make better ſettlers than our own people; and at the ſame time their numbers are an acquiſition of real ſtrength where they fix, without weakening the mother country.

It is long ſince the populouſneſs of Europe has been the cauſe of her ſending out colonies: a better policy prevails; mankind are enlightened; we are now convinced, both by reaſon and experience, that no induſtrious people can be too populous.

The northern ſwarms were compelled to leave their reſpective countries, not becauſe thoſe countries were unable to ſupport them, but becauſe they were too idle to cultivate the ground: they were a ferocious, ignorant, barbarous people, averſe to labor, attached to war, and, like our American ſavages, believing every employment not relative to this favorite object, beneath the dignity of man.

Their emigrations therefore were leſs owing to their populouſneſs, than to their want of induſtry, and barbarous contempt of agriculture, and every uſeful art.

It is with pain I am compelled to ſay, the late ſpirit of encouraging the monopoly of farms, which, from a narrow ſhort-ſighted policy, prevails amongſt our landed men at home, and the alarming growth of celibacy amongſt the peaſantry, which is its neceſſary conſequence, to ſay nothing of the ſame ruinous increaſe of celibacy in higher ranks, threaten us with ſuch a decreaſe of population, as will probably equal that cauſed by the ravages of thoſe ſcourges of Heaven, the ſword, the famine, and the peſtilence.

If this ſelfiſh policy continues to extend itſelf, we ſhall in a few years be ſo far from being able to ſend emigrants to America, that we ſhall be reduced to ſolicit their return, and that of their poſterity, to prevent England's becoming in its turn an uncultivated deſart.

But to return to Canada; this large acquiſition of people is an invaluable treaſure,

ſure, if managed, as I doubt not it will be, to the beſt advantage; if they are won by the gentle arts of perſuaſion, and the gradual progreſs of knowledge, to adopt ſo much of our manners as tends to make them happier in themſelves, and more uſeful members of the ſociety to which they belong: if with our language, which they ſhould by every means be induced to learn, they acquire the mild genius of our religion and laws, and that ſpirit of induſtry, enterprize, and commerce, to which we owe all our greatneſs.

Amongſt the various cauſes which concur to render France more populous than England, notwithſtanding the diſadvantage of a leſs gentle government, and a religion ſo very unfavorable to the increaſe of mankind, the cultivation of vineyards may be reckoned a principal one; as it employs a much greater number of hands than even agriculture itſelf, which has however infinite advantages in this reſpect above paſturage, the certain cauſe of want of people,

people, wherever it prevails above its due proportion.

Our climate denies us the advantages ariſing from the culture of vines, as well as many others which nature has accorded to France; a conſideration which ſhould awaken us from the lethargy into which the avarice of individuals has plunged us, and ſet us in earneſt on improving every advantage we enjoy, in order to ſecure us by our native ſtrength from ſo formidable a rival.

The want of bread to eat, from the late falſe and cruel policy of laying ſmall farms into great ones, and the general diſcouragement of tillage which is its conſequence, is in my opinion much leſs to be apprehended than the want of people to eat it.

In every country where the inhabitants are at once numerous and induſtrious, there

there will always be a proportionable cultivation.

This evil is ſo very deſtructive and alarming, that, if the great have not virtue enough to remedy it, it is to be hoped it will in time, like moſt great evils, cure itſelf.

Your Lordſhip enquires into the nature of this climate in reſpect to health. The air being uncommonly pure and ſerene, it is favorable to life beyond any I ever knew: the people live generally to a very advanced age; and are remarkably free from diſeaſes of every kind, except conſumptions, to which the younger part of the inhabitants are a good deal ſubject.

It is however a circumſtance one cannot help obſerving, that they begin to look old much ſooner than the people in Europe; on which my daughter obſerves, that it is not very pleaſant for women to come to

reſide

reſide in a country where people have a ſhort youth, and a long old age.

The diſeaſes of cold countries are in general owing to want of perſpiration; for which reaſon exerciſe, and even diſſipation, are here the beſt medicines.

The Indians therefore ſhewed their good ſenſe in adviſing the French, on their firſt arrival, to uſe dancing, mirth, chearfulneſs, and content, as the beſt remedies againſt the inconveniences of the climate.

I have already ſwelled this letter to ſuch a length, that I muſt poſtpone to another time my account of the peculiar natural productions of Canada; only obſerving, that one would imagine Heaven intended a ſocial intercourſe between the moſt diſtant nations, by giving them productions of the earth ſo very different each from the other, and each more than ſufficient for itſelf, that the exchange might be the means

means of ſpreading the bond of ſociety and brotherhood over the whole globe.

In my opinion, the man who conveys, and cauſes to grow, in any country, a grain, a fruit, or even a flower, it never poſſeſſed before, deſerves more praiſe than a thouſand heroes: he is a benefactor, he is in ſome degree a creator.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

WILLIAM FERMOR.

LET-

LETTER CXXII.

To Miſs MONTAGUE, at Quebec.

Montreal, April 14.

IS it poſſible, my dear Emily, you can, after all I have ſaid, perſiſt in endeavoring to diſſuade me from a deſign on which my whole happineſs depends, and which I flattered myſelf was equally eſſential to yours? I forgave, I even admired, your firſt ſcruple; I thought it generoſity: but I have anſwered it; and if you had loved as I do, you would never again have named ſo unpleaſing a ſubject.

Does your own heart tell you mine will call a ſettlement here, with you, an exile? Examine yourſelf well, and tell me whether your averſion to ſtaying in Canada is not ſtronger

ſtronger than your tenderneſs for your Rivers.

I am hurt beyond all words at the earneſtneſs with which you preſs Mrs. Melmoth to diſſuade me from ſtaying in this country: you preſs with warmth my return to England, though it would put an eternal bar between us: you give reaſons which, though the underſtanding may approve, the heart abhors: can ambition come in competition with tenderneſs? you fancy yourſelf generous, when you are only indifferent. Inſenſible girl! you know nothing of love.

Write to me inſtantly, and tell me every emotion of your ſoul, for I tremble at the idea that your affection is leſs lively than mine.

Adieu! I am wretched till I hear from you. Is it poſſible, my Emily, you can have ceaſed to love him, who, as you your-

ſelf own, ſees no other object than you in the univerſe?

Adieu! Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

You know not the heart of your Rivers, if you ſuppoſe it capable of any ambition but that dear one of being beloved by you.

What have you ſaid, my dear Emily? *You will not marry me in Canada.* You have paſſed a hard ſentence on me: you know my fortune will not allow me to marry you in England.

END OF VOL. II.